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Hypsipyle

By Maurice Hewlett

QUEEN of the shadows, Maid and Wife,
Twifold in essence, as in life,
The lamp of Death, the star of Birth,
Half cradled and half mourned by Earth,
By Hell half won, half lost! aid me
To sing thy fond Hypsipyle,
Thy bosom's mate who, unafraid,
Renounced for thee what part she had
In sun and wind upon the hill,
In dawn about the mere, in still
Woodlands, in kiss of lapping wave,
In laughter, in love—all this she gave!—
And shared thy dream-life, visited
The sunless country of the dead,
There to abide with thee, their Queen,
In that gray region, shadow-seen
By them that cast no shadows, yet
Themselves are shadows. Nor forget,
Koré, her love made manifest
To thee, familiar of her breast
And partner of her whispering mouth.

Thee too, Our Lady of the South,
Uranian Kypris, I invoke,
Regent of starry space, with stroke
Of splendid wing, in whose white wake
Stream those who, filled with thee, forsake

Their clinging shroudy clots, and rise,
Lover and loved, to thy pure skies,
To thy blue realm! O lady, touch
My lips with rue, for she loved much.

What poet in what cloistered nook,
Indenting in what roll of a book
His rhymes, can voice the tides of love?
Nay, thrilling lark, nay, moaning dove,
The nightingale's full-chargéd throat
That cheereth now, and now doth gloat,
And now recordeth bitter-sweet
Longing, too wise to image it:
These be your minstrels, lovers! Choose
From their winged choir your urgent Muse;
Let her your speechless joys relate
Which men with words sophisticate,
Striving by reasons make appear
To head what heart proclaims so clear
To heart; as if by wit to wis
What mouth to mouth tells in a kiss,
Or in their syllogisms dry
Freeze a swift glance's cogency.
Nay, but the heart's so music-fraught,
Music is all in love, words naught.
One heart's a rote, with music stored
Though mute; but two hearts make a chord
Of piercing music. One alone
Is nothing: two make the full tone.

I

On Enna's uplands, on a lea
Between the mountains and the sea,
Shadowed anon by wandering cloud,
Or flickering wings of birds a-crowd,
And now all golden in the sun,
See Koré, see her maidens run
Hither and thither through those hours
Of dawn among the wide-eyed flowers,
While gentian, crocus, asphodel
(With rosy star in each white bell),

HYPSIPYLE

Anemone, blood-red with rings
Of paler fire, that plant that swings
A crimson cluster in the wind
They pluck, or sit anon to bind
Of these earth-stars a coronet
For their smooth-tresséd Queen, who yet
Strays with her darling interlaced,
Hypsipyle the grave, the chaste—
Her whose gray shadow-life with his
Who singeth now for ever is.
  She, little slim thing, Koré's mate,
Child-faced, gray-eyed, of sober gait,
Of burning mind and passion pent
To image-making, ever went
Where wonned her Mistress; for those two
By their hearts' grace together grew
The one to need, the one to give
(As women must if they would live,
Who substance win by waste of self
And only spend to hoard their pelf:
"O heart, take all of mine!" "O heart,
That which thou tak'st of thee is part—
No robbery therefore: mine is thine,
Take then!"): so she and Proserpine
Intercommunion'd each bright day,
And when night fell together lay
Cradled in arms, or cheek to cheek
Whispered the darkness out. Thou meek
And gentle vision! let me tell
Thy beauties o'er I love so well:
Thy sweet low bosom's rise and fall,
Pulsing thy heart's clear madrigal;
Or how the blue beam from thine eyes
Imageth all love's urgencies;
Thy lips' frail fragrance, as of flowers
Remembered in penurious hours
Of winter-exile; of thy brow,
Not written as thy breast of snow
With love's faint charact'ry, for his wing
Leaves not the heart long! Last I sing
Thy thin quick fingers, in whose pleaching
Lieth all healing, all good teaching—

Wherewith, touching my discontent,
I know how thou art eloquent!
  Remember'd joy, Hypsipyle!
Now may that serve to comfort me,
While I, O Maiden dedicate,
Seek voice for singing thy gray Fate!

Now, as they went, one heart in two,
Brushed to the knees by flowers, by dew
Anointed, by the wind caressed,
By the light kissed on eyes and breast,
'Twas Koré talked; Hypsipyle
Listened, with eyes far-set, for she
Of speech was frugal, voicing low
And rare her heart's deep underflow—
Content to lie, like fallow sweet
For rain or sun to cherish it,
Or scattered seed substance to find
In her deep-funded, quiet mind.
And thus the Goddess: "Blest art thou,
Hypsipyle, who canst not know
Until the hour strikes what must come
To pass! But I foresee the doom
And stay to meet it. Even here
The place, and now the hour!" Then fear
Took her who spake so fearless, cold
Threaded her thronging veins—behold!
A hand on either shoulder stirs
That slim, sweet body close to hers,
And need fires need till, lip with lip,
They seal and sign their fellowship,
While Koré, godhead all forgot,
Clings whispering, "Child, leave me not
When as to darkness and the dead
I go!" And clear the answer sped
From warm mouth murmuring kiss and cheer,
"Never I leave thee, O my dear!"
Thereafter stand they beatingly,
Not speaking; and the hour draws nigh.

And all the land shows passing fair,
Fair the broad sea, the living air,

The misty mountain-sides, the lake
Flecked blue and purple! To forsake
These, and those bright flower-gatherers
Scattered about this land of theirs,
That stoop or run, that kneel to pick,
That cry each other to come quick
And see new treasure, unseen yet!
Remembered joy—ah, how forget!

But mark how all must come to pass
As was foreknowledged. In the grass
Whereas the Goddess and her mate
Stood, one and other, prompt for fate;
Listless the first and heavy-eyed,
Astrain the second; she espied
That strange white flower, unseen before,
With chalice pale, which thin stalk bore
And swung, as hanging by a hair,
So fine it seemed afloat in air,
Unlinked and wafted for the feast
Of some blest mystic, without priest
Or acolyte to tender it:
Whereto the maid did stoop and fit
Her hand about its silken cup
To close it, that her mouth might sup
The honey-drop within. The bloom
Saw Koré then, and knew her doom
Foretold in it; and stood in trance
Fixèd and still. No nigromance
Used she, but read the fate it bore
In seedless womb and petals frore.
Chill blew the wind, waiting stood She,
Waiting her mate, Hypsipyle.

Then in clear sky the thunder tolled
Sudden, and all the mountains rolled
The dreadful summons round, and still
Lay all the lands, only the rill
Made tinkling music. Once more drave
Peal upon peal—and lo! a grave
Yawned in the Earth, and gushing smoke
Belched out, as driven, and hung, and broke

With sullen puff; like tongues the flame
Leapt following. Thence Aidoneüs came,
Swart-bearded king, with iron crown'd,
In iron mailed, his chariot bound
About with iron, holding back
Amain two steeds of glistering black
And eyeballs white-rimmed fearfully,
And nostrils red, and crests flying free;
Who held them pawing at the verge,
Tossing their spume up, as the surge
Flung high against some seaward bluff.
Nothing he spake, or smooth or gruff,
But drave his errand, gazing down
Upon the Maid, whose blown back gown
Revealed her maiden. Still and proud
Stood she among her nymphs, unbowed
Her comely head, undimmed her eye,
Inseparate her lips and dry,
Facing his challenge of her state,
Neither denying, nor desperate,
Pleading no mercy, seeing none,
Her wild heart masked in face of stone.
But they, her bevy, clustered thick
As huddled sheep, set their eyes quick,
And held each other, hand or waist,
Paling or flushing as fear raced
Thronging their veins—they knew not, they,
The gathered fates that broke this day,

And all the land seemed passing fair
To one who knew, and waited there.

"Goddess and Maid," then said the King,
"Long have I sought this day should bring
An end of torment. Know me thou
God postulant, with whom below
A world awaits her queen, while here
I seek and find one without peer;
Nor deem her heedless nor unschooled
In what in Heaven is writ and ruled.
Decreed of old my bride-right was,
Decreed thy Mother's pain and loss,

Decreed thy loathing, and decreed
That which thou shunnest to be thy need;
For thou shalt love me, Lady, yet,
Though little liking now, and fret
Of jealous care shall grave thy heart
And draw thee back when time's to part—
If fond Demeter have her will
Against thine own."

The Maid stood still
And guarded watched, and her proud eyes'
Scrutiny bade his own advise
Whether, indeed, their solemn stare
Saw Destiny and read it there
Beyond her suitor, or within
Her own heart heard the message ring.
Awhile she gazed: her stern aspect,
Young and yet fraught with Godhead, checked
Both Him who claimed, and her who'd cling,
And them who wondered. "O great King,"
She said, and mournful was her crying
As when night-winds set pine-trees sighing,
"King of the folk beyond the tide
Of sleep, behold thy chosen bride
Not shunning thee, nor seeking. Take
That which Gods neither mar nor make,
But only They, the Three, who spin
The threads which hem and mesh us in,
Both Gods and men, till she who peers
The longest cuts them with her shears.
Take, take, Aidoneüs, and take her,
My fosterling."

Then He, "O star
Of Earth, O Beacon of my days,
Light of my nights, whose beamy rays
Shall pierce the foggy cerement
Wherein my dead grope and lament
Beyond all loss the loss of light,
Come! and be pleasant in my sight
This thy beloved. Perchance she too
Shall find a suitor come to woo;

For love men leave not with their bones—
That is the soul's, and half atones
And half makes bitterer their loss,
Remembering what their fortune was."
Trembling Hypsipyle uplift
Her eyes towards the hills, where swift
The shadows flew, but no more fleet
Than often she with flying feet
And flying raiment, she with these
Her mates, whom now estranged she sees—
As if the shadow-world had spread
About her now, and she was dead—
Her mates no more! cut off by fear
From these two fearless ones. A tear
Welled up and hovered, hung a gem
Upon her eyelid's dusky hem,
As raindrops linked and strung arow
Broider with stars the winter bough.
This was her requiem and farewell
To them, thus rang she her own knell;
Nor more gave she, nor more asked they,
But took and went the fairy way.

For thus with unshed tears made blind
Went she: thus go the fairy kind
Whither fate driveth; not as we
Who fight with it, and deem us free
Therefore, and after pine, or strain
Against our prison bars in vain;
For to them Fate is Lord of Life
And Death, and idle is a strife
With such a master. They not know
Life past, life coming, but life now;
Nor back look they to long, nor forth
To hope, but sup the minute's worth
With draught so quick and keen that each
Moment gives more than we could reach
In all our term of three-score years,
Whereof full score we give to fears
Of losing them, and other score
Dreaming how fill the twenty more.

Now is the hour, Bride of the Night!
The chariot turns, the great steeds fight
The rocky entry; flies the dust
Behind the wheels at each fierce thrust
Of giant shoulder, at each lunge
Of giant haunch. Down, down they plunge
Into the dark, with rioting mane,
And the earth's door shuts-to again.
Now fly, ye Oreads, strain your arms,
Let eyes and hair voice your alarms—
Hair blown back, mouths astretch for fear,
Strained eyeballs—cry that Mother dear
Her daughter's rape; fly like the gale
That down the valleys drives the hail
In scurrying sheets, and lays the corn
Flat, which when man of woman born
Seeth, he bows him to the grass,
Whispering in hush, *The Oreads pass.*
(In shock he knows ye, and in mirth,
Since he is kindred of that earth
Which bore ye in her secret stress,
Images of her loveliness,
To her dear paramour the Wind).
Follow me now that car behind.

II

O ye that know the fairy throng,
And heed their secret under-song,
In flower or leaf's still ecstasy
Of birth and bud their passion see,
In wind or calm, in driving rain
Or frozen snow discern them strain
To utter and to be; who lie
At dawn in dewy brakes to spy
The rapture of their flying feet—
Follow me now those coursers fleet,
Sucked in their wake, down ruining
Through channelled night, where only sing
The shrill gusts streaming through the hair
Of them who sway and bend them there,

And peer in vain with shielded eyes
To rend the dark. Clinging it lies
Thick as wet gossamer that shrouds
October brushwoods, or low clouds
That from the mountain tops roll down
Into the lowland vales, to drown
Men's voices and to choke their breath
And make a silence like to death.
But this was hot and dry; it came
And smote them, like the gush of flame
Fanned in a smithy, that outpours
And floods with fire the open doors.
Downward their course was, swift as flight
Of meteor flaring through the night,
Steady and dreadful, with no sound
Of wheels or hoofs upon the ground,
Nor jolt, nor jar; for once past through
Earth's portals, steeds and chariot flew
On wings invisible and strong
And even-oaring, such as throng
The nights when birds of passage sweep
O'er cities and the folk asleep:
Such was their awful flight. Afar
Showed Hades glimmering like a star
Seen red through fog; and as they sped
To that, the frontiers of the dead
Revealed their sullen leagues and bare,
And sad forms flitting here and there,
Or clustered, waiting who might come
Their empty ways with news of home.
Yet all one course at length must hold,
Or late or soon, and all be tolled
By Charon in his dark-prowed boat.
Thither was swept the chariot
And crossed dry-wheeled the coiling flood
Of Styx, and o'er the willow wood
And slim gray poplars which do hem
The further shore, Hell's diadem—
So by the tower foursquare and great
Where King Aidoneüs keeps his state
And rules his bodyless thralls they stand.

HYPSIPYLE

Dark ridge and hollow showed the land,
Fold over fold, like waves of soot
Fixed in an anguish of pursuit
For evermore, so far as eye
Could range; and all was hot and dry
As furnace is which all about
Etna scorcheth in days of drouth,
And showeth dun and sinister
That fair isle linked to main so fair.
Nor tree nor herbage grew, nor sang
Water among the rocks: hard rang
The heel on metal, or on crust
Grew tender, or went soft in dust;
Neither for beast nor bird nor snake
Was harbourage; nor could such slake
Their thirst, nor from the bitter heat
Hide, since the sun not furnished it;
But airless, shadowless and dense
The land lay swooning, dead to sense
Beneath that vault of stuprous black,
Motionless hanging, without wrack
Of cloud to break and pass, nor rent
To hint the blue. Like the foul tent
A foul night makes, it sagged; for stars
Showed hopeless faces, with two scars
In each, their eyes' immortal woe,
Ever to seek and never know:
In all that still immensity
These only moved—these and the sea,
Which dun and sullen heaved, with surge
And swell unseen, save at the verge
Where fainted off the black to gray
And showed such light as on a day
Of sun's eclipse men tremble at.

Here the dead people moved or sat,
Casting no shadow, hailing none
Boldly; but in fierce undertone
They plied each other, or on-sped
Their way with signal of the head
For answer, or arms desperate
Flung up, or shrug disconsolate.

And this the quest of every one:
"What hope have ye?" And answer, "None."
Never passed shadow shadow but
That answer got to question put.
In that they lived, in that, alas!
Lovely and hapless, Thou must pass
Thy days, with this for added lot—
Aching, to nurse things unforgot.

Remember'd joy, Hypsipyle!
The Oread choir, the Oread glee:
The nimble air of quickening hills,
The sweet dawn light that floods and fills
The hollowed valleys; the dawn wind
That bids the world wake, and on blind
Eyelids of sleeping mortals lays
Cool palms that urge them see and praise
The Day-God coming with the sun
To hearten toil! He warned you run
And hide your beauties deep in brake
Of fern or briar, or reed of lake,
Or in wet crevice of the rock,
There to abide until the clock
You reckon by, with shadowy hands,
Lay benediction on the lands
And landsmen, and the eve-jar's croak
Summon ye, lightfoot fairy folk,
To your activity full tide
Over the empty earth and wide.
Here be your food, fair nymph, and coy
Of mortal ken—remember'd joy!

Remember'd joy! Ah, stormy nights,
Ah, the mad revel when wind fights
With wind, and slantwise comes the rain
And shatters at the window-pane
To wake the hind, who little knows
Whose fingers drum those passionate blows,
Nor what swift indwellers of air
Ye be who hide in forms so fair
Your wayward motions, cruel to us,
While lovely, and dispiteous!

HYPSIPYLE

Ah, nights of flying scud and rout
When scared the slim young moon rides out
In her lagoon of open sky,
Or older, marks your revelry
As calm and large she oars above
Your drifting lives of ruth or love.
Boon were those nights of dusted gold
And glint of fireflies! Boon the cold
And witching frost! All's one, all's one
To thee, whose nights and days go on
Now in one span of changeless dusk
On one earth, crackling like the husk
Of the dropt mast in winter wood:
Remember'd joy—'tis all thy food,
Hypsipyle, to whose fond sprite
I vow my praise while I have light.

Dumbly she wandered there, as pale
With lack of light, with form as frail
As those poor hollow congeners
Whose searching eyes encountered hers,
Petitioning as mute as she
Some grain of hope, where none might be,
Daring not yet to voice their moan
To her whose case was not their own;
For where they go like breath in a shell
That wails, my love goes quick in Hell.

Alas, for her, the sweet and slim!
Slowly she pines; her eyes grow dim
With seeking; her smooth, sudden breasts
Hang languidly; those little nests
For kisses which her dimples were,
In cheeks graved hollow now by care
Vanish, and sharply thrusts her chin,
And sharp her bones of arm and shin.
Reproach she looks, about, above,
Denied her light, denied her love,
Denied for what she sacrificed,
Doomed to be fruitless agonist.
(O God, and I must see her fade,
Must see and anguish—in my shade!)

Nor help nor comfort gat she now
From her whose need called forth her vow;
For close in arms Queen Koré dwelt
In that great tower Aidoneüs built
To cherish her; deep in his bed,
Loved as the Gods love whom they wed;
Turned from pale maiden to pale wife,
Pale now with love's insatiate strife
First to appease, and then renew
The wild desire to mingle two
Natures, to long, to seek, to shun,
To have, to give, to make two one
That must be two if they would each
Learn all the lore that love can teach.
So strove the mistress, while the maid
Went alien among the dead,
Unspoken, speaking none, but watched
By them who knew themselves outmatched
By her, translated whole, nor guessed
What miseries gnawed within that breast,
Which could be touched, which could give meat
To babe; which was not eye-deceit
As theirs, poor phantoms. So went she
Grudged but unscathed beside the sea,
Or sat alone by that sad strand
Nursing her worn cheek in her hand;
And did not mark, as day on day
Lengthened the arch of changeless gray,
How she was shadowed, how to her
Stretched arms another prisoner;
Nor knew herself desirable
By any thankless guest of Hell—
Withal each phantom seemed no less
Whole-natured to her heedlessness.

Midway her round of solitude
She used to haunt a dead sea-wood
Where among boulders lifeless trees
Stuck rigid fingers to the breeze—
That stream of faint hot air that flits
Aimless at noon. 'Tis there she sits

HYPSIPYLE

Hour after hour, and as a dove
Croons when her breast is ripe for love,
So sings this exile, quiet, sad chants
Of love, yet knows not what she wants;
And singing there in undertone,
Is one day answered by the moan
Of hidden mourner; but no fear
Hath she for sound so true, though near;
Nay, but sings out her elegy,
Which, like an echo, answers he.
Again she sings; he suits her mood,
Nor breaks upon her solitude:
So she, choragus, calls the tune,
And as she leads he follows soon.
As bird with bird vies in the brake,
She sings no note he will not take—
As when she pleads, "Ah, my lost love,
The night is dark thou art not of,"
Quick cometh answering the phrase,
"O love, let all our nights be days!"
This, rapt, with beating heart, she heeds
And follows, "Sweet love, my heart bleeds!
Come, stay the wound thyself didst give";
Then he, "I come to bid thee live."
And so they carol, and her heart
Swells to believe his counterpart,
And strophé striketh clear, which he
Caps with his brave antistrophe;
And as a maiden waxes bold,
And opens what should not be told
When all her auditory she sees
Within her mirror, so to trees
And rocks, and sullen sounding main
She empties all her passioned pain;
And "love, love, love," her burden is,
And "I am starving for thee," his.
Moved, melted, all on fire she stands,
Holding abroad her quivering hands,
Raises her sweet eyes faint with tears
And dares to seek him whom she hears;
And from her parted lips a sigh
Stealeth, as knowing he is nigh

And her fate on her—then she'd shun
That which she seeks; but the thing's done.

Hollow-voiced, dim, spake her a shade,
"O thou that comest, nymph or maid—
If nymph, then maiden, since for aye
Virgin is immortality,
Nor love can change what Death cannot—
Look on me by love new-begot;
Look on me, child new-born, nor start
To see my form who knowest my heart;
For it is thine. O Mother and Wife,
Take then my love—thou gavest it life!"

So spake one close: to whom she lent
The wonder of her eyes' content—
That lucent gray, as if moonlight
Shone through a sapphire in the night—
And saw him faintly imaged, rare
As wisp of cloud on hillside bare,
A filamental form, a wraith
Shaped like that man who in the faith
Of one puts all his hope: who stood
Trembling in her near neighbourhood,
A thing of haunted eyes, of slim
And youthful seeming; yet not dim,
Yet not unmanly in his fashion
Of speech, nor impotent of passion—
The which his tones gave earnest of
And his aspéct of hopeless love;
Who, drawing nearer, came to stand
So close beside her that one hand
Lit on her shoulder—yet no touch
She felt: "O maiden overmuch,"
He grieved, "O body far too sweet
For such as I, frail counterfeit
Of man, who yet was once a man,
Cut off before the midmost span
Of mortal life was but half run,
Or ere to love he had found one
Like thee—yet happy in that fate,
That waiting, he is fortunate:

For better far in Hell to fare
With thee than commerce otherwhere,
Sharing the snug and fat outlook
Of bed and board and ingle-nook
With earth-bound woman, earth-born child.
Nay, but high love is free and wild
And centreth not in mortal things;
But to the soul giveth he wings,
And with the soul strikes partnership,
So may two let corruption slip
And breasting level, with far eyes
Lifted, seek haven in the skies,
Untrammel'd by the earthly mesh.
O thou," said he, "of fairy flesh
Immortal prisoner, take of me
Love! 'tis my heritage in fee;
For I am very part thereof,
And share the godhead."
So his love
Pled he with tones in love well-skilled
Which on her bosom beat and thrilled,
And pierced. No word nor look she had
To voice her heart, or sad or glad.
Rapt stood she, wooed by eager word
And by her need, whose cry she heard
Above his crying; but she guessed
She was desired, beset, possessed
Already, handfasted to sight,
And yielding so, her heart she plight.

Thus was her mating: of the eyes
And ears, and her love half surmise,
Detected by her burning face
Which saw, not felt his fierce embrace.
For on her own she knew no hand
When caging it he seemed to stand,
And round her waist felt not the warm
Sheltered peace of the belting arm
She saw him clasp withal. When rained
His words upon her, or eyes strained
As though her inmost shrine to pierce
Where hid her heart of hearts, her ears

Conceived, although her body sweet
Might never feel a young life beat
And leap within it. Ah, what cry
That mistress e'er heard poet sigh
Could voice thy beauty? Or what chant
Of music be thy ministrant?
Since thou art Music, poesy
Must both thy spouse and increase be!

In the hot dust, where lizards crouch
And pant, he made her bridal couch;
Thither down drew her to his side
And, phantom, taught her to be bride
With words so ardent, looks so hot
She needs must feel what she had not,
Guess herself in beleaguered bed
And throb response. Thus she was wed.
Love that with delicate tongues of fire
Can kindle hearts inflamed desire
In her for him who needed it;
And so she claimed and by eyes' wit
Had what she would: and now made war,
Being, as all sweet women are,
Prudes till Love calls them, and then fierce
In love's high calling. Thus with her ears
She fed on love, and to her eyes
Lent deeds of passionate emprise—
Till at the last, the shadowy strife
Ended, she owned herself all wife.

High mating of the mind! O love,
Since this must be, on this she throve!
Remember'd joy, Hypsipyle,
Since this must be, O love, let be!

Among my Books*

By Frederic Harrison

PART V

TRAGIC DRAMA

A FRIEND, much given to "first nights," who has dipped into some of the books I have been advising him to read, now says: "Won't you tell us something about Plays; do you not want us to read Shakespeare?" Well, of course, I am as much devoted to Shakespeare as Sir Sidney Lee himself, without pretending to any special knowledge of the older dramatists, much less to any research into the life and work of our own mighty poet. But I am not so garrulous as to discourse about Shakespeare, for our most learned students and our ablest critics have now told us everything about Shakespeare which Research and Criticism can discover—perhaps everything which ever will be known or can be judged as sound and true. Years ago, indeed, I was asked if I would write a *Life* of Shakespeare for a famous series, but I thought it would be quite presumptuous in me to undertake such a task. And it has been perfectly well achieved long since.

Of course, I have read my Shakespeare since I was a boy; and my father, who had heard Mrs. Siddons, the Kembles, and Edmund Kean in all the Plays then given on the stage, used to read to us Shakespeare of an evening as he had heard it played. As a young man, I carried the diamond Pickering edition in daily railway journeys to and from Lincoln's Inn. Now I have A. Treherne's miniature copies in good "Long Primer," hardly more than two inches square (Edinburgh, 1904). I find the "Arden" set (Methuen & Co.) very useful; and for general use I want nothing handier than the twelve volume set small d°. (issued by Constable & Co., N.D.).

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All that I have to say about Shakespeare is this: Don't be satisfied with *reading* him, but go to *see* the plays on the stage. It is impossible to judge any great drama by reading it. The whole nature of a Play of the first rank is transfigured when we see it adequately performed. It is only revealed in acting. *Solvitur ambulando*—a great drama unfolds itself to its catastrophe when we see the characters walk the stage before our eyes—*segnius irritant animum demissa per aurem*—no imagination can enable us to conceive the whole force of a really great drama until we *see* it. You might as well try to judge a Symphony of Beethoven by looking at the score. And this is more true of Shakespeare than of any other dramatist, ancient or modern. Shakespeare was a *player* to the tips of his toes; and he must be *seen* and *heard* on the stage to be truly known.

I speak from personal experience. I have known the stage now for nearly seventy years, and I have heard all the great English interpreters of Shakespeare from Charles Kemble, and Macready and Charles Kean down to our day. I have seen Shakespeare's tragedies and comedies given in Berlin, Vienna, Paris, Milan, Florence—by French, Italian, German, and American actors, including Ristori, Salvini, Fechter, Mounet-Sully, and Booth. I never miss seeing a Shakespeare play, however staged; and I never see one played without learning much about it, which I never observed in reading the text. The only thing then that I have to say about Shakespeare is this—Don't be satisfied with reading him—go and hear him, as often as you can, and, if possible, as I have heard him, in different languages.

That is the way to understand the universality of Shakespeare's genius—the unique quality in which his mind surpasses that of all other poets, no doubt all other sons of Adam. I remember a philosophic French friend taking me to see Mounet-Sully in *Hamlet* at the Français. When the second act was finished, I said, "That may be fine, but it is not our idea of *Hamlet*." "No!" said my French philosopher—himself an intimate of Mounet-Sully and of Coquelin—"You forget that Hamlet was not an Englishman. There was a French Hamlet, a German, an Italian, a Russian Hamlet, each different in personal and national idiosyncrasy, but all profoundly true to Shakespeare's ideal of the inscrutable spirit of the ill-starred

Prince of Denmark." As I walked away that night from the Palais Royal I saw the truth of the remark. *Hamlet* appeals to all nations, expresses the thought, the yearnings, the dilemmas of all, because Shakespeare deals not with national characteristics, but with the universal ideas, struggles and despair common to human nature.

I am quite clear that our William was the greatest *poet* that ever lived, by reason of his incomparable range of power, and his mastery of *every* form of poetic art—dramatic—lyric—tragic—comic; by his profound grasp of psychology; by his exquisite sense of melody; by his wit, his humour, his supreme imagination, and his universal humanity. No other poet, ancient or modern, combined all these gifts in the highest degree. But though he was the greatest of all *poets*, I am not at all convinced that he has left the greatest of all tragedies, nor the greatest of all comedies. For pure *tragedy* in its highest form, I hold Æschylus to be supreme. For perennial *comedy*, in its deepest humanity, I hold Aristophanes to be supreme. It is true that there is more poetry, more psychologic insight, more mysterious wisdom in *Hamlet*, or in *Lear*, even in the *Sonnets*, than in all other extant dramas; but for massive power and organic symmetry, I hold that a more perfect type of tragedy was reached in the *Trilogy* and the *Prometheus Bound*.

So, for comedy, I find in Aristophanes, along with quite equal comic genius, a more Olympian vein of lyricism, a wider range of satire, and a grander sense of social and moral justice than in any of Shakespeare's Comedies. For to crush Cleon was a bigger task than to chaff Falstaff. To correct the opinion of such a subtle people as that of Athens in politics, in art, in poetry, in philosophy, in manners, and in morals, and to do that by a few Comedies occasionally heard in the theatre—by plays which for two thousand years have been the delight of all serious readers of all nations—this was a kind of comedy, which, with all his glorious wit and versatility, Shakespeare never attempted to touch. Nay, Molière, inexpressibly below Shakespeare in poetry, in imagination, in fancy, dealt with the moral, social, and intellectual follies of his age in a systematic and serious spirit, which we do not find even in the most delightful of Shakespeare's Comedies. The greatest

of *poets* did not leave us the greatest of all pure *tragedies*, nor the greatest of all mere *comedies*.

I venture on this, though I know I shall be called names—as pedant, crank, Early-Victorian, and the like. But it bears on a point of importance. We have got into a habit of attributing to our poet a sort of divine infallibility, so that every thing which does not exactly fit the Shakespearean model, must be inferior and wrong. Now, it is clear there is more than one type of tragedy, and of comedy, as of all other imaginative work. In truth, there are not one or two, but several modes of poetry, of which no single one has any *absolute* supremacy. It is also clear that different ages and various races hold diverse forms of poetic beauty and power. Those who awarded Sophocles the prize for his *Œdipus* and his *Antigone* would have found *Macbeth* too tumultuous, and would have been puzzled with *Lear*. They clung to unity of motive, symmetry in unfolding the plot, and a stately measure of heroic verse from prologue to catastrophe, unbroken by interludes, merriment, and subordinate by-play.

It is no question of "right or wrong" or of better or worse. It is simply whether the highest range of tragic intensity may not be reached by the Æschylean type of statesque simplicity and symmetry as well as by Shakespearean complexity and contrast. Even an Aristophanic extravaganza is less of a fantastic medley—and is more of a drama—than *Midsummer Night's Dream* or the *Tempest;* and the Greek reverence for *proportion* would have been sorely tried by *Cymbeline*, *the Winter's Tale*, *Troilus and Cressida*. Now, it is certain that the classical taste held fast by the Attic type in its widest extension and development; and the classic drama of France, Italy, and Germany had a similar ideal. Of course I recognise the marvellous poetry and imagination of all the Shakespeare Plays just mentioned. I am speaking now of their strictly dramatic power for representation on the stage. All I ask is, that our delight in their supreme beauty as poems should not lead us to rule out of comparison the dramas of the older type as obsolete and mechanical. We are all too apt to "scrap" and "crab" the so-called classical drama—(I try to follow the popular terms of the day), and to invest our great poet with a sort of "verbal inspiration."

It would be childish vainglory to pretend that either as

actors, dramatic authors, or dramatic critics, we English are to-day superior to the actors, playwrights and critics of France, Italy, and Germany. Reasonable men who know these countries and are familiar with their stage are fain to admit that we are not their match. Now, for some centuries, the highest drama of France and Italy, and in the main that of Germany, has maintained its classical type, and follows its own native tragedians at least as keenly as we follow Shakespeare. Of course, I hold Shakespeare as a poet and dramatist to be immensely the superior of Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, Metastasio, Alfieri, Schiller, and even Goethe. But whilst these last still hold the Stage in their own countries, at least as well as Shakespeare does with us, I cannot admit that French, Italian, and German play-goers are utterly without true understanding of drama.

Poetry in all its forms, and especially of all other forms dramatic poetry, has various modes; and it would be narrow and insular to throw aside all but one. To ridicule the French classical drama, as Matthew Arnold did, would be as Philistine a mistake as when Voltaire ridiculed Shakespeare. Because I revel in *Hamlet*, *Lear*, or *Romeo and Juliet*, I am not deaf to the heroics of the *Cid*, or the spasms of *Phèdre*. In a case like this personal taste comes in, and I confess to an ingrained belief that the *Trilogy* of Æschylus—by its intense concentration, its symmetry of evolution, the sustained superhuman majesty of its tone—has touched a higher note of pure tragedy than even *Macbeth* or *Othello*. To me *Hamlet* is an inspired and modern Book of *Job*, and *Lear* is a superhuman *Apocalypse*. For strict and true *tragedy* I hold by the *Trilogy*.

I daresay the young people of to-day think all this is the result of pedantry or convention. But I am no "modernist" in art. I hold by Æschylus, Sophocles and Aristophanes for types of drama, pure and simple, just as I hold by Pheidias rather than Michael Angelo, by the Parthenon rather than St. Peter's, by Giorgione and Raphael rather than by Tintoretto or Veronese, by Milton rather than Browning, by Mozart rather than Wagner. But whilst I love symmetry and proportion even more than brilliancy and audacity, I never fail to honour the originality of those who tear aside all restrictions and traditions. What I contend for is respect for *all* great types of art, and freedom

from national, personal or sectional bias. "Art is long"—but inexhaustible. "Life is short"—but infinite.

It is not easy for an English audience to grasp the full meaning of the classical drama, either in its ancient or in its modern form. The Attic drama was a religious festival—and all the greater tragedies were pervaded by a halo of sacred solemnity—by myth, divine revelation, heroic symbolism, which even scholars can hardly realise in all its intensity and fulness. They were always, to a Greek audience, Miracle Plays or Passion Plays—seen with a convincing realism quite as much as in the Middle Ages by a Catholic audience, and presented on a far grander and more artistic stage. When the Greek dramas are given in a modern theatre, not only is the sacred and mythical solemnity entirely absent, but the scenic conditions are reversed. In the greater Greek theatres, some 30,000 spectators in open air and broad daylight surrounded what for the choric parts of the drama was more a religious pageant or an oratorio, than a play. There was no change of scene, no acts, no intervals, no artificial lighting, and quite simple and occasional machinery. When our public sees a Greek tragedy, nearly all these conditions are changed.

I was deeply impressed by the recent performance of *Œdipus King* at Covent Garden, where an effort was made to avoid some of these anomalies. If the whole of the area of the pit and stalls could have been reserved for the chorus, if it had been marshalled in rhythmic movements, if the crowd had been far less numerous, less vociferous and unruly, if the whole could have been shown in daylight—the effect of the great tragedy would have gained. I cannot share the outcries of many scholars, especially of those who did not see it but trusted to reports in the Press, that this was not what Sophocles meant it to be, nor what Athenians would have accepted. The criticism is quite true in fact, but the answer to it is this: The myth of Œdipus as conceived by Sophocles, and as familiar to his Greek audience, simply embodied a certain religious, ethical, and social Decalogue, from which there was no appeal, and on which there could be no criticism. To an ordinary London audience these Ten Commandments of Hellenic mythology were not only unknown but hardly intelligible. And yet they form the basic and inspiring

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motive of the whole tragedy, as completely as the Ghost's revelation of his murder forms the motive of *Hamlet*. At Covent Garden the producers of the play, who saw the impossibility of a London audience realising the feelings of an Athenian audience of the 5th Century B.C., resorted to the plan of investing the tragedy with barbaric or pre-historic atmosphere, the external forms of which we now know better than Sophocles did, whilst the crude superstitions of it make the horror of the catastrophe more tolerable to us to-day. If you accept this transposition, you will find that nothing more grandly tragic has ever been seen on the modern stage.

To turn to the modern Classical stage—say Corneille and Racine as played in Paris. It cannot be judged fairly by reading the book. It must be seen as performed with all the traditions of the Théâtre Français, and with familiarity with the French alexandrine verse as recited by their best actors. To those who are perfectly at home in this most subtle modulation, and year after year have become acclimatised to the foreign stage, the classical tragedies have a character of their own, which ought not to be rudely rejected by British prejudice. So seen, so understood by a trained student of the drama, *Horace*, the *Cid*, *Cinna*, *Polyeucte*, *Andromaque*, *Phèdre*, *Athalie*, have a real tragic power and an impressive dignity. No one can imagine by mere reading these long rhetorical orations, with their Grand Monarque airs, and their *petit maître* courtesies, how wonderfully they live on the stage when presented by consummate actors.

I confess that it was long before I could get over our British prejudice against Theseus making love to Dirce like a marquis at Versailles, and Hippolyte sighing for Aricie in languorous cadences, with masculine and feminine rhymes, set orations one hundred lines long, and elaborate dialogues wherein nothing is done. But on the stage in the "House of Molière" one loses all sense of these artificial prosodies and unities. Let us remember that a Greek play, with its Porson's rules and antistrophic echoes, the joy of editors and the curse of schoolboys, was far more artificial in its stringent limits. My Corneille, with Voltaire's *Commentary* (Paris, 12 vols., 8vo, 1797), and my Racine, with various *Commentaries* (Paris, 8 vols., 8vo, 1822),

show how elaborately every phrase and turn of expression, every word that carries on the plot to its *dénouement*, was studied by author and by a most subtle and critical public. I do not read Corneille and Racine now, except to compare them with Greek, Italian, German and modern plays. But the half-dozen best of them played in Paris by their best actors remain grand art.

They who will study the *Lives* of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, Corneille's own *Prefaces* and *Examens* of each Play, Racine's own *Prefaces*, and the commentaries of Voltaire, La Harpe, Boileau, and so many famous critics, cannot dispute this, that the French classical tragedy was built up by most learned and subtle study of the principles of tragic art. English opinion usually pronounces all this study to have been idle and mistaken. I am not at all a zealous convert to it myself: but what is far more important and cannot be disputed is, that the French tragedians consciously bent their efforts to stamp on the national mind great heroic ideals, and to glorify the noble names and memorable epochs of human history. Their types of ancient history were often sadly modernised by the crude knowledge of their time; but no one can mistake the fine patriotic and social enthusiasm with which they laboured to make Attic poetry and Plutarch's *Biographies* familiar to their own people. It is this which makes them worshipped in France, nearly as much as we worship Shakespeare. Frenchmen regard them as national prophets of patriotism, morality, and heroism.

Corneille, as we see in his curious *Examens*, had a most profound belief in his own mission as moralist and preacher; and, with Racine, we know it ended in a morbid religious quietism. Do British critics know Racine's Preface to *Phèdre?* He declares "that no tragedy of his paid a higher tribute to Virtue, for in it small faults meet their punishment, the mere thought of crime is treated with horror; when passion is shown, it is to paint the disorders which it causes; and vice is drawn in colours which make it repulsive. Such is the end," he insists, "of one who labours for the public, as did the great tragic poets of old. Their stage was a school of morals, as much as were any of the philosophers." Englishmen treat all this as Pecksniffian, but to Frenchmen it still speaks with pride and truth.

When we come in the next century to Voltaire as a dramatist, we find certainly none of the profound pietism of Corneille and Racine, but we do find an even keener purpose to make France familiar with the heroes of antiquity, with the apostles of liberty of thought as well as of liberty as citizens, but also to show Orientals and Chinese as members of the human family. Voltaire was not such a poet as either Corneille or Racine at their best—and their best is but a fraction of their whole—nor was he so wise and generous a critic of manners and follies as Molière—but he exerted his prolific genius in his dramas, as much as in his essays and his satires, to defend honesty of belief, resistance to fanaticism and tyranny, and in all cases to teach a larger and wiser humanity. Voltaire's dramas are now, perhaps even in France, little read and seldom performed. But pregnant apophthegms and eloquent passages to be found in them resound through the literature of France, and occasionally even are cited in Europe.

I suppose nobody, nowadays, ever turns to Metastasio, whose life was a romance, who has been extravagantly esteemed by great critics, and who certainly enjoyed in his own age a European popularity such as never fell to the lot of any other dramatist. But no one who follows the evolution of dramatic art can neglect the study of this magical *improvisatore*, who, with moderate gifts as a poet, poured forth such a flood of successful plays, to the delight of a wide and highly-cultured society. The secret of his triumphs is that Metastasio was not strictly a dramatist at all, was a rebel to all dramatic conventions, and made himself the interpreter of some of the finest musicians and singers of an age of great music.

His plays are, in fact, the *librettos* of operas; but his pure and exquisite language, his versatility and learning, his marvellous instinct for musical conditions, exactly hit the needs of the time. Mr. J. Addington Symonds has explained his career with perfect truth and judgment. Read *Clemenza di Tito*, which, even without the music of Mozart or of Gluck, may delight those who care for noble ideas put in limpid phrase. The last act is fine tragedy:—

> **Vendetta! Ah, Tito! E tu sarai capace**
> **D'un si basso desio, che rende eguale**
> **L'offeso all' offensor?**

One cannot easily count the plays of Metastasio. Forty of them were set to music by such musicians as Gluck, Mozart, Handel, Porpora, many of them by several different composers. My edition is in fourteen duodecimos, and the last volume contains 170 pages of *Sentenze e Massime*, some of which are noteworthy, and all present honest thoughts in graceful words:—

inutilemente nacque
Chi sol vive a se stesso:—

or, again:—

Odio
é un ben, che posseduto
tormenta il possessor.

Many of these plays, as, for instance, *Didone*, *Catone*, *Temistocle*, in spite of their historic extravagances, and their obvious subservience to the needs of composer and singer, may be read for their generous humanity and heroic tone. It is for this that Rousseau called Metastasio "the one poet of the heart," that Voltaire found in him some scenes worthy of Corneille "without his declamation, and of Racine when he is not weak." Of course, since he wrote only for the musical stage, everything he touched must be regarded from the conventions of opera—his heroes are always magnanimous and his heroines always sentimental. But the singular range of his subjects, over Greek and Roman history, mythology, and legend, over Asiatic and even Chinese tradition, gives a curious variety to his inventions, though, alas, we find little variety either in his characters or his plots.

I must put in a word for Alfieri, who is more to me than Metastasio, and whose tragedies I have seen played by great actors, though I must admit that they are better to read than to see. Alfieri, with all his faults and limitations, had a lofty spirit and true ideals, and like Corneille, and even we may say like Æschylus, he stamped upon his tragedies his own dignity and severe aspirations. His Roman pieces, such as *Virginia*, *Ottavia*, *Cleopatra*, *Bruto Primo* and *Bruto Secondo*, are full of himself, for there was much of the *uomo antico* in him. Living just before, and at the crisis of the great Revolutionary upheaval, his mind dwelt entirely on great public crimes, struggles and plots. He almost equalled Marlowe and Webster in his passion for the terrible, the

heroic, and the bloody. And, as he was not a great poet and disdained all trace of grace in language, he is too often stony, and dry, if not dull on the stage. He seldom admits more than one woman in his characters; in the two tragedies of *Brutus* there is not a single woman. The catastrophe is almost invariably assassination or suicide—even on the stage in defiance of all the classical rules, so that the stage direction—*si uccide*—becomes monotonous. Still, gruesome as are his plots, hard as is his method, and harsh his style—he gives the reader a feeling of tragic power.

His great distinction is to have cured Italian literature of mawkish *morbidezza*. There is no touch of tenderness in the man, and hardly a real love-scene, even in the horrible *dénouement* of *Mirra* which threw Byron into an epileptic fit. But Alfieri has one characteristic so important that he should be studied and honoured. Almost for the first time since the great Attic drama, a tragic poet flung himself entirely free both from the vanity of actors and from the prejudices and tastes of his audience. The French stage was in bonds to the popular actress of the hour and also to the conventional etiquette of sentimental amours. Corneille and Racine were forced to make demigods and emperors simper out their love in the language of a courtier's sonnet. And our own groundlings at the "Globe" would have sensations and slaughters as well as coarse buffoonery. The French stage and the English stage had to satisfy popular actors and popular caprice. Metastasio willingly laid himself out to satisfy the ambition of musicians and singers; and the Spanish stage was in similar bonds to the dominant friars and hidalgos. *Autos* and the Spanish "point of honour" were the inevitable result. But Alfieri, who was noble, haughty, wealthy, and indifferent to popular applause, almost for the first time, put his own soul into his plays.

His *Autobiography* and his *Dedications* and *Arguments* show that he meant to raise the spirit of his countrymen by presenting to them types of tragic grandeur, patriotism, and honour. To this end he discarded everything in the nature of by-play, complication, love-making, and any sentimental or comic relief, and from the first scene to the last he kept one dominant catastrophe brooding over the stage. Æschylus himself was not more alien to irrelevant tenderness

and intricate distraction. Not only did Alfieri revert to the classical type of severe concentration of interest, though he cared nothing for classical conventions, but he insisted on weeding out of his speeches and dialogues anything like ornament of language, any phrase of fancy or wit, any weighty thought or epigrammatic word which could arrest the mind. His speeches are as free from superfluous embellishments as the iambic parts of Sophocles. Every line is a direct vigorous statement of the thought of the speaker, designed to carry conviction and make his purpose clear without wasting a breath on poetic embroidery. This gives an air of reality and power to Alfieri's characters which is quite absent not only in Metastasio, in Racine, and in a far greater degree in our own Tudor and Stuart dramas. I hold this return by Alfieri to the grand dialogue of the Attic stage with its simple logic and directness of purpose to be a great step in advance towards high art. Unfortunately Alfieri failed to see that the Attic stage developed the Chorus, wherein the most soaring lyrics had full range, and so a Greek tragedy was always rich with poetry. And even if Alfieri could have included the chorus in his scheme, he had neither imagination nor fancy to use it to high poetic purpose. But Alfieri's conception of Tragedy was noble and well worth careful study.

I shall say little here about our own Elizabethan and Stuart drama, because I neither study it nor read it, unless for comparison, and I am writing now nothing like any review of literature, but simply what I habitually read and re-read for my own enjoyment. I have had to read most of them for literary purposes, but they seldom give me pleasure. The monstrous extravagances, unnatural savagery, and coarse filth of too many of them weary me; and I do not advise decent men and women to acquire a taste for them.

Of course, I admire as much as any man the red-hot passion and superb music of Marlowe, that Cæsar Borgia of our poets. No man with an ear can be deaf to the triumphal march of Marlowe's "mighty line." His *Hero* and *Leander*, his poetic pieces, are another thing. He was indeed a great poet, or a great poet *manqué*. But his terrific plays—even *Faustus*, the only one I could read often without pain—are as tragedies the splendid failure of

an abnormal and precocious genius. Their Gargantuan megalomania, their ferocious egotism, their inhuman brutalities, to my taste, ruin even their pompous rhetoric and semi-delirious imagination.

It is sad that a man of kindred genius, as was Swinburne, deluded by the wonderful rhythm of Marlowe, should have committed the extravagance of placing Marlowe by the side of Shakespeare. Marlowe does not touch the profound thought, the universality of Shakespeare. It is true that in the one or two notes of his favourite blank verse Marlowe is the equal even of Shakespeare at his best—but then he has nothing of the infinite variety, spontaneity, and ease of Shakespeare's moods. Look carefully at Marlowe's famous speeches, read them aloud, and then note how they play upon two, at most three, rhythmical schemes – each superb, it is true, but from repetition apt to become monotonous.

Take the glorious speech in *Faustus*, when Helen re-appears, Act 4, scene 3:—

> **Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,**
> **And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?**

Yes! worthy of Shakespeare, but the whole speech rings on the same note:—

> **And wear thy colours on my plumèd crest—**
> **Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.**

Turn to the Second Part of *Tamburlaine*:—

> **Proud fury, and intolerable fit,**
> **That dares torment the body of my love,**
> **And scourge the Scourge of the immortal God.**

Here we have the resounding tramp, the bombastic arrogance, and the monotonous music of the young giant. It is as difficult to find in Marlowe a line of monosyllables as it is to find in Tennyson's *Morte d'Arthur* a line of polysyllables. In *Tamburlaine*, Part II., Scene 4, the verse

> **To entertain divine Zenocrate**

occurs six times over within twenty-one lines. It is a magnificent heroic, but artificial and monotonous.

Let us not be misled by Marlowe's wonderful gift of words into thinking his melodious fantasias great Plays. Swinburne's laudations betray his own fatal preference for musical language over coherent thought and organic power. Both Swinburne and Marlowe were intoxicated with their

own lyrical eloquence. It is always unsafe to trust a poet to judge a poet. Being himself a poet, he is charmed by the poetic quality in which he specially delights and, finding that in rich measure, he overlooks defects. I am ready to say, in all forms of critical judgment, do not give ourselves up to any *expert*. Listen to the expert as to all facts and indications he can testify, but do not let him be judge and jury himself. Being an expert, he is a specialist, limited in his knowledge. The higher criticism has to take in all sides of each art—each work of art.

I can read Massinger at a pinch, but I am not fond of him. He wrote some fine passages, and some most effective scenes; and he tried to work out with ingenious steps his plots, which at least are intelligible, however unnatural and strained. *The Maid of Honour*, Camiola, is the least violent and impossible. The savageries and the obscenities of the *Picture* and the *Duke of Milan* spoil what but for its inhuman key-note would be very skilfully-contrived catastrophes. In the *Virgin-Martyr*, Dorothea's head is cut off on the stage, and Theophilus *coram populo* is subjected to prolonged and revolting tortures. The reek of lust and gore scents the *Italianate diablerie* imported from abroad. Massinger's Comedies are less offensive. *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* must have survived some two centuries, for my father saw Edmund Kean in Sir Giles Overreach and said it was terrific, and we are told that it threw Byron into a convulsive fit.

I do not think any but students of literature need plunge largely into our own exotic Renascence drama. We see too clearly how it became the slave of a public which craved ribaldry and horrors, and cared nothing for modesty and organic form. The sad part of it is that we find in the young dramatists, from Kyd to Massinger, bad specimens of the things we like least in Shakespeare—his careless improvisation, hurried *dénouements*, and coarse jesting. It would be treason to our matchless poet to delude ourselves that he was always at his best, always wrote entirely to please himself, and kept at the high level of his *Othello*, which I hold to be his supreme triumph in pure tragedy.

As to Beaumont and Fletcher, I have taken them up at times as a study, but hardly as a pleasure—in a queer, old edition of seven volumes, with absurd engravings, and 4,076

pages (Jacob Tonson, at Shakespear's Head, MDCCXI.). It is a copy good enough for me. There are plenty of powerful scenes, most ingenious plots, splendid passages—but as plays they are, to me, unpleasing; and I care not for what is said by Lamb or Swinburne, or any other hunter of ghastly situations, wild fancies, and resounding verses. All these they have—I try the *Knight of Malta* and Oriana's heroic chastity, the bloody catastrophes of *Valentinian*, Evadne's ferocities in the *Maid's Tragedy*, and the horrible dilemma in *Thierry and Theodoret*. But the improbability, rather impossibility, of the plots, at once unnatural, inhuman, and fantastic, invented only to exhibit rank extravagances, along with the gross talk of women as much as of men—all this wearies me; and to me startling surprises and beautiful lines are no adequate compensation.

I know there are people who profess to love the Elizabethan drama, and wish you to believe they give days and nights to it. I have heard a lady who hardly knew *Hamlet* or the *Tempest* properly, who had never read the *Faery Queen*, and thought *Comus* and *Samson Agonistes* only fit for the schoolroom on a Sunday, send deep sighs through a drawing-room with, "Ah! but Kyd or Webster," or, again, "Try *The Broken Heart*." I have seen it played, and in spite of powerful scenes and fine declamation, I don't like inhuman outrages *coram populo*. This grubbing up the dregs of the Stuart Stage is decadence. It feeds the fashionable fad that the unnatural and the ghastly is "so powerful," and naked lust is "so bold." I do not for a moment deny that there are scenes of keen tension in most of them; but if the plot is an artificial dancing of male and female puppets in order to arrange these sensations, it disgusts me. Nor do I fail to find brilliant, even magnificent, speeches in them; but it sickens me to have those followed by rank smut.

Like any other reader, I have tried to pick out Shakespeare's part in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*. That scenes and passages in it are worthy of him, no one can doubt. But the play, as a whole, has been over-praised. The *Knight's Tale* in Chaucer is a beautiful romance, and even Dryden's *Palamon and Arcite* has no little of old John's splendid art in telling a tale. But the incoherences of the Play as it stands in Fletcher's works to be seen on the

stage, with its jumble of Theseus and Hippolyta, Emily and the Jailor's daughter, is utterly different from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with its lovely fairy world. The hard, gross, cruel realism of the Jailor and his mad daughter, a horrid travestie of Ophelia, and the disgusting "cure" of the mad girl, who is handed over by her father to the embraces of a sham "wooer"—all this is enough to spoil any stage-piece, whatever hand in it our great poet ever did have. Critics like Swinburne and other students of Style get so intoxicated with sonorous lines and exquisite turns of speech that they seem blind to outrageous incongruities and deaf to vulgar ribaldry.

The worst of all this Walpurgis Night in so much of Elizabethan and Stuart drama is this, that it shows us how often the world that made it and loved it reacted on the sublime genius of Shakespeare. We ought to get free from the superstition that he was always at his best, always faultless, and almost superhuman, not only in intellect, but in soul and in character. There is enough evidence that he was very far from heroic or saintly as a man, and good ground to think him incredibly careless even of his own genius, and a reckless spendthrift of his own unparalleled powers. I am unable to get rid of the suspicion that he knew better than any man how often he had failed to give his best, how at times he let himself sink down to the level of his fellow playwrights, and even yield to the temptation of raising a gross laugh. The more we judge Shakespeare by the test of his own grandest and mightiest, the more shall we be doing him true justice.

The great Spanish drama had its own national development, and a grand school of poetry it was. Comte made a selection of twenty dramas by eleven different poets, a book which was published in Paris in 1854, seven of these being by Calderon. I have the book, but I read them only with the help of translations. Fitzgerald's well-known Six Plays, it must be remembered, are hardly more than paraphrases, and do not include the *Magico Prodigioso*, of which Shelley translated a scene, nor *Vida es Sueno*, both being perhaps the grandest of all Calderon's works. I have found in the British Museum a *proof* copy of Fitzgerald's attempt to paraphrase the latter, which he apparently never published. But D. F. McCarthy has

translated both these magnificent poems, as well as six other dramas. The noble poetry and heroic spirit of Calderon can only be entirely felt when we read his own lines in the original. His truly Shakespearean imagination, his tragic intensity, his devotional ardour, are hardly represented in any version, unless by Shelley, for Fitzgerald's six do not touch the lyrical and religious dramas. But as Calderon is not seen on our stage, and I am writing about drama, not about poetry, I say no more here about the great Spanish poets.

For the same reason I say nothing here as to the German or our recent "dramatic poems," such as *Faust*, or *Manfred*, or the so-called Plays of Browning, or of Tennyson, or Swinburne. They are to us more poems than dramas, and do not come into touch with the great problems of the Classical and the Renaissance drama. When Ben Jonson, with all his learning and his energy, attempted to return to the classical model, he missed the conditions of tragedy as much as he mastered those of comedy. *Sejanus* or *Catiline* are interesting to a student of Roman history, but they are more fit to be translated into Greek iambics than to be played on the stage. And when Dryden and Otway sought to imitate Shakespeare, or Racine, or Sophocles, and they tried all in turn, they produced many telling scenes, some noble speeches; they "held the stage" of their day, and even for a century, but they showed themselves to be poets, not dramatists.

It is vain to hope for any return to great drama in England until it is made indifferent to "long runs," and is not dependent on the money in the till from night to night. We may add also, until it is not dependent on pageantry, costumes, and mechanical devices. The best *Hamlet* I ever saw was given without scenery at all. To me personally the absurd modern craze of darkened house, lime-light and magic-lantern tricks dodging the principal player, the nasty smoking and drink "intervals," the impudent boom of modistes' frocks, are quite nauseous. And still more, is the craze for crude realism of what is most brutal, depraved, and decadent in modern life.

All great tragic art in ancient or in modern ages presented heroic, or grand, or pathetic types of public and social catastrophes, and left us to draw our own judgment

on profound problems of morals, of duty, of passion. In Greece, in Rome, in the French, Italian, Spanish and German drama—and eminently in all that is great in Shakespeare—the familiar myths and histories of the past were the subject. The French tragedy, down to Victor Hugo, Alfieri, Goethe, Schiller, followed and even developed Shakespeare's persistent practice to make history familiar and ideal. To us, to-day, the fashion goes for snap-shot or Kinema pictures of what can be seen to be most brutal, dirty, or cruel, in the street, the tavern, or the thieves' den. And we are told all this is "so actual," "convincing," "up-to-date." Or else the subject is the squalid past of a "kept woman," or the week-end frolic of the "smart set."

No return to the old Classical drama is possible in our country and in our time. The very conditions of the Attic stage could not be reproduced. We could not endure the pedantic limitations of the French stage; nor would the severe manner of Alfieri, or of Schiller, be bright enough to amuse a generation which wants everything to be short, quick, and new. But if all these belong to the past, and are incapable of return to life, the study of their ideals and methods is the sole basis of regenerated art. If tragedy is ever to live again, it will be when we can distinguish Shakespeare's *poetry* from his true and his grandest *tragedies*, and when we have essentially bathed our spirits in the immortal dramatists of Athens, as they did in the best ages of the drama both in France, in Italy, and in Germany.

F. H.

The Greatest Gift

By F. Tennyson Jesse

EDMOND BERNARDY was in that state of mind when everything joyous is an insult and everything sorrowful an added stab. When the horror had first settled on him he fought it wildly ; then succeeded a numbed condition of the nerves, when will and reason lay dormant, and he surrendered himself to instinct—and instinct had brought him to the lonely passes, the snow-enfolded peaks, and the dream-ridden little cities of Provence.

It was in the days before railways were thought of, when gentlemen still did the "grand tour," and did it by post-chaise. Bernardy, whose finances were of the uncertain kind usual with even a successful poet, and whose mood was for the leisurely, preferred, once he had attained the coast of Provence by ship, to strike up inland on foot. In spite of himself, his surroundings began to soothe him, justifying the instinct which led him, and that had its root deeper than he suspected. Bernardy's mother had been a Provençale, and it was in one of the little mountain cities that his English father had met her, and she had only left her birthplace a few weeks before Edmond himself was born. It was owing to her that he possessed a deep love for little cities ; though this was the first time that he had ever come to his mother's country.

As a boy he, like all right-minded children, possessed a little city of the imagination where he sat enthroned, king of the be-pennoned turrets and circling walls. With Bernardy the idea of the little city had become an obsession, entering even into his dreams at night, causing him to lead, even more than most children, that curious inner life of which waxing adolescence must so surely lose grip. His peculiar and vivid genius, though technically the joy of his fellow writers, never lost a quality of uncanny vision that sometimes disconcerted an age given over to the flamboyance of Byron,

and this quality was the natural outcome of his withdrawal, as a child, into his secret life. That life was a complicated and delicate thing, no mere floating vagueness of dreams, but a fabric deliberately planned and reared, with a wealth of cunning detail to persuade him of reality. He could remember now how convinced he had been that the town his mind had made was as real as any city he and his mother visited in their precarious existence—sometimes he could recall, for a vivid flash, actual streets and houses of his imagination.

Hill cities share with islands the fascination that only aloofness can give, and the thought of the huddled towns cresting the Alpes-Maritimes had tugged at Bernardy's chord of memory, bringing back not only his mother's stories of her own country, but also the recollections of his dream-city so like these he was seeing now. They are towns of fluted roofs and mellow walls, of shutters flung wide like wings, of courtyards that are wells of blue shadow, and towers that stand up, golden-white, into the sunshine. Here Bernardy would come to a town perched, eagle-wise, upon a crag, with a forest of irregular turrets piercing the sky ; there to a little city which fitted over some rounded mountain-top like a cap, the arching outline of its roofs following faithfully the curve of the ground with a fruit-like suavity of contour. Everywhere, away from the cities, lay the olivė-slopes, like a great sea, charmed, at the moment of most tumultuous movement, into stillness, the waves of it interfolding in vast hollows that never broke ; only now and again a wind tossed the pale under-sides of leaves to a semblance of spray.

These valleys, so mysterious at dawn and dusk and in the day so oddly toy-like with their tiny, red-roofed oil-mills and the striped effect of the olive-terraces ; these reticent, though seemingly candid little townships above them ; these mountains that at sunsetting were stained a burning copper filmed with amethyst—all seemed to Bernardy to be under a spell, caught in a web of magic as real, though not as visible, as the web of dappled shadow each olive-tree flung over the ground beside it. Bernardy told himself that here he could pass a long life happily, instead of which he had to prepare for death, for the deliberate blotting out, for him, of all this beauty.

He had never been a gross liver or a gross thinker, yet many a sensualist would now have been in a better case than

he—for he had always used his quality of spiritual vision—in him so strong as to be almost an added sense—merely to beat back upon and intensify material things. An unbeliever or a man of happy-go-lucky nature could have extracted all the savour possible out of what remained to him of life, and left what was to come on the knees of the gods—Bernardy was too ardent a devotee of life, and life, as he understood it, was a comprehensive term. It meant the training and enjoyment of every faculty. the critical appreciation of everything he met, the absorption of beauty and the production of it. Also he feared the physical act of death as an animal fears it, with a contraction of the muscles and a chilling of the blood—feared it so that sometimes the sweat would break out over his face and he would bite back a cry.

Looking back on his life Bernardy could say that it had been good, and he saw for how much more the little things had counted than the big. A sunny day, congenial companions, good wine and tobacco, and, above all, the joy of creation—how well worth while they were. Taken as a whole they outweighed the fondest woman in the world, and that though Bernardy had been a fine lover. Yet it was because of a woman that he was to kill himself three weeks from now, and the fantastic nature of the affair made him feel like a man in a dream. It amused him that it should have been the one conventional period of his life—a couple of months in an English Rectory, which had hurled him into such an extravagant situation.

The Rector, an avowed eccentric, and strongly influenced —as who was not?—by the Byronic wave then at the crest, decided it was his duty to brave society and take notice of his brother's son—especially as the said son was a figure in the literary worlds of Paris and London. The Rector's daughter Lucy was sweet and fresh and English, and not in the least clever, and Bernardy, who had never met anyone like her before, fell madly in love. The combination of his passion; of a rival deeply bitten with romanticism and a sense of his own importance; and of the high-flown ideas of the period, resulted in a violent quarrel and what was then a favoured species of duel. Bernardy and his rival, telling themselves that they were sparing Lucy the shock of an actual encounter, drew lots to decide which should take his own life. Bernardy had lost, and, leaving the

bewildered Lucy to her fantastic roll-collared baronet, retired to spend his two months' grace in his own country of France.

Behold him, entered on his last three weeks, toiling up a mountain pass, his shirt open at the chest and his tightly-strapped trousers somewhat the worst for dust—a fine figure of a man in a thin, fiery way, with singularly child-like eyes set in a network of wrinkles—the result of having spent his thirty odd years with a lavish though fastidious hand. Sickened suddenly of the ordered olive slopes, he went on and up till he had left the sleek country behind him, and entered the region that looks like a burnt-out landscape of the moon. He came to great lakes of hardened lava, scarred with crater rings as with petrified whirlpools, then to serried furrows of it, like the backs of vast mammoths, packed side by side in the fear of some prehistoric disaster which had overwhelmed them. At last he came to the mouth of a gorge, one side of it rising up sheer into the sunlight, while the other seemed to hang to the earth like a dark curtain. Looking up, Bernardy saw, perched at the rim of the sunlit cliff, a little town. In some places its sloping flanks were built right over the edge, as though they had been poured out, while molten, from a giant spoon. It was so many hundred feet above him that he could only just distinguish it was a town, and not a mere huddle of pale-hued boulders, so high it gave the effect of being on the edge of the world. Bernardy knew, beyond a doubt, that he must attain this town, and he cast about to find a way. Obviously there must be a track on the other side, as the cliff was bare of so much as a shrub, and yet no path was to be discerned on its scarred and abrupt surface. Eventually Bernardy made his way round a fold of gorge and up a steep, winding track to a gently sloping stretch of country that led up to the town from behind.

Throwing himself upon the short, thorn-entangled grass, he locked his hands behind his head and gazed under half-shut lids at the little town which he now saw dark against the sky. He lay, idly counting the towers of it, till his lids grew too heavy to stay open, and his fingers fell apart, and with his head pillowed on his arm, he slept.

When he awoke the day was at its brief height, and he scrambled to his feet with an odd feeling that was more than

a mere sense of rest. It was as though a sponge had been deftly passed over his mind, leaving it a clean, smooth surface, ready to receive new impressions, unbiassed by anything that was past the confiding, expectant attitude of a young child. He had forgotten nothing, it was rather that all his old arrangement of values had been swept aside, leaving him free to assess things anew. And, although, for all he could remember, his sleep had been dreamless, yet he was haunted by half recollections which pricked at and eluded him. As he went towards the town something in the sweeping lines of the fortifications seemed vaguely familiar, and again fragments of a dream floated by him, at which he snatched in vain.

Passing under the cool shadow of the gateway, he stood wondering which way to go ; then, saying to himself, " I'll go past the Mayor's house, I always liked it because of the painted walls," he turned to the right, and walked several paces before the strangeness of his own words struck him. " What can I have meant ? " he asked himself, " and yet—I seem to remember a house, a white house, with a painted frieze of fruit and birds, and the Mayoress was a funny, fat old thing who made *échédets*. . . . . "

With his heart beating fast, he turned the corner and found himself at the house he sought. The more he looked at it the more he remembered it, and details crowded on him. He walked down the alley at the side, and found a stone stairway he knew quite well, a stairway that led to a carved door. He stumbled into the street again like a man distraught.

" Has the horror turned my brain ? " he thought. " Well, what matter, if it makes it easier to die ? "

The whole street struck him as familiar, but not until he turned into the Square did knowledge flash upon him.

" It's my town ! " he cried aloud, " it's my town ! "

He felt no perplexity at the incredible nature of the thing, a calming influence too gracious to be akin to his former stupor stole over him, he moved as in a dream, with no responsibility, but full enjoyment. The naked plane trees made a silvery network against the cold, pure blue of the winter sky ; into a raised washhouse across the Square the sun shone obliquely, and the many-hued skirts of the stooping women made vivid blotches of colour that harmon-

ised with the rhythmic splash of the water as only music of sight can with music of sound. Dark against the cream-washed wall of the church, that seemed almost lambent in the glare of the sun, sat a row of burnt-out old men with shrivelled throats, and on the steps of the fountain were two old women in black, one wearing a white cap of folded wings, the other the wide-brimmed black straw hat common to the peasantry. The lady of the hat plunged her brown old fingers into the thin arc of water, and Bernardy saw how the drops that clung to her hand glittered like diamonds before she shook them off to pit the dust with pock-marks. With that intense sympathy which had done much to make him an artist, Bernardy tried for a moment to think himself into the mind of the black-hatted old woman, and to imagine the Square and his own figure from her mental and physical point of view. It was a favourite trick of his, but one of which latterly the strain had been too much for him. Sometimes he would succeed so well for a flash that it only made the impalpable but stern barrier of personality more definite even while almost seeming to overleap it. "If I could only achieve the thing properly," thought Bernardy, "I suppose I should attain exchange of identity, or at least be absorbed into that of the old lady. And then—no more of this black horror, and the shell of me would, I suppose, disfigure the gravel."

He lifted the heavy, leathern curtain over the church door and entered. Within the air struck cool, though heavy with stale incense; gradually the gleam of gilding, then separate colours and degrees of dusk and pallor detached themselves from the darkness and he saw he was in the typical little church of the neighbourhood—a rococo affair decked with rows of plaster saints on painted brackets, each with its little bunch of flowers in a china mug in front of it. Beneath all the superfluous decoration there was a pleasing simplicity and sturdiness of line; solid pillars and a low-groined roof made of it a square-set, beetle-browed little building, at once tawdry and stark. To Bernardy's receptive mind there was something peculiarly charming about these churches where everything spoke of religion being taken in the right way—as a mere matter of course. A lighted wick, floating in a jam-jar of oil, caught his eye and, moving forward, he saw it burned before a crèche, that was

being left till after the Saint Enfance. For a few minutes he stood before it in silence, then he laughed aloud in sheer enjoyment. All the other crèches he had seen boasted figures of plaster or china ; here, apparently, the expense had been too great, and the characters were represented by dolls, ordinary wooden dolls with shiny, painted, black hair and stuff clothes. The Mother herself was dressed in stiff, spangled muslin, with a veil like a première communiante, and a wreath of orange blossom—a confusion of ideas that had its humour. St. Joseph in good broadcloth coat and the tightest of trousers, held the other post of honour, and nearer the spectators, though facing away from them to the little Christ-Child, were ranged the shepherds, with—surely an innovation—their wives. The shepherds themselves supplied the crowning touch, for they wore real knitted stockings of worsted, and shoes with stitched leather soles, a fact admirably displayed by the kneeling position of their wearers. The wives held little baskets full of beads, meant to represent eggs ; and woolly lambs with red cotton tongues stood about at regular intervals. All the dolls looked old, and as though they had seen a less gentle service, and Bernardy wondered what child in that remote place was of sufficient wealth to own dolls. He was charmed into mirth, and as he thought how tenderly and kindly the real personages represented must laugh as they looked down at the little set-piece, he tried to trace, in some trick of light and shadow, a fleeting smile on the doll-faces. Without warning, his horror closed on him again, and turning, he went heavily down the church.

As he neared the door the two old women of the market square came in ; still laughing and chattering, they went past him, slowly and stiffly, with the uneven clumping of old feet. Some curious premonition—a feeling that something was about to happen—made Bernardy watch them.

Suddenly the old woman in the hat caught sight of the crèche, and with the swift transition of the South, she stopped short in her chatter and clutched her companion's arm.

"Ah ! " she said, " c'est le bon Jésus, qui donne courage ! "

Every note of her harsh old voice thrilled Bernardy's nerves like a sudden clarion. It seemed to him the most luminous moment of his life. There are brief seconds when

a rent in the outer film of the world comes against a rent in what we are pleased to call the "next" though it is really co-existent with our own. Then it is that we can catch a glimpse of something that is at another angle, a differently tilted spiritual plane, so to speak, from our own, and for which our minds would, ordinarily, need a different focus. The old woman had torn a peephole for Edmond—perhaps, for all he knew, in that moment of sympathetic concentration in the Square, their personalities had mingled, and so made him sensitive to the premonition that gripped him as she passed. He only knew that her phrase—and being a phrase-monger himself, he had a passion for them—struck him as magnificent. He would have thought less of it had she said it of the Christ or the cross, but she spoke of the Christ-Child. Or if she had spoken of peace, but her words were "qui donne courage."

"*C'est le bon Jésus, qui donne courage.*"

Bernardy stood quite still, wondering what her life had been that "courage" should be the word that instinctively sprang to her lips. The two women were still peering in at the crèche, but while White Cap was recognising all her acquaintances, so to speak, and hailing them by name, the other old woman stared straight in front of her, repeating her phrase very fast, over and over again. Suddenly she turned, and coming down the church to where Bernardy stood, peered up into his face. For the last time she repeated it, but with a slight difference, her hand on his wrist.

"Tu sais, mon brave," she said, "tu sais, c'est l'Enfant qui donne courage!"

Bernardy went out into the sunlight feeling at once calmed and exhilarated, yet still with that odd sense of waiting, as of something holding its breath. All the afternoon he haunted the little wind-swept town, and towards evening he leant upon the parapet that hung over the sheer mountain-side. Hundreds of feet below him the valley was lapped in darkness and he watched the shadow thrown by the opposite range creep up towards him, the edge of it in deeply curved waves, like a purple tide. The chill of sunset was in the air when he made his way to the inn, and he noted that, although the sight of a stranger must be of the utmost rarity, he excited no comment. Could it be, he wondered, that they instinctively knew him for one of them-

selves, these people of his dream-city, or were they dreams too? In how leisurely a manner they passed along the streets—the Faun-like youths, brown-necked and bold-eyed; the firm-set women with their black hair so sleekly and heavily massed about their heads that it seemed carved out of ebony, and the quiet-eyed old people with indrawn mouths!

When he reached the inn, a grey pile of round-flanked towers that was built on the eastern edge, his memories awoke again, and in the courtyard they surged over him—memories of sitting enthroned in just such a castle as this. He remembered, too, that there had always been something he was not allowed to know—was it a door that had been kept locked, or a forbidden book, or some hidden person whom he had perpetually tried to meet and never succeeded? Whatever it was, he felt he would soon discover it.

Nothing occurred to stimulate his memory during supper. The stout patronne chatted to him of her inn, which had been the Seigneur's chateau till thirty years before, when the last owner died in great poverty. Had Monsieur seen and admired the beautiful crèche in the church? The little figures were the dolls which once belonged to Mademoiselle de Clerissac. The patronne was not old enough to remember it very distinctly, but she believed Mademoiselle had met with trouble, which was why she went away. After all, it was natural, she had red blood in her, both the old Seigneur and his father having married peasant girls. If Monsieur was interested in such things old Marie, who had been Mademoiselle de Clerissac's nurse, still lived in a room in the chateau. She was fabulously old, and had to be tended like a baby by her granddaughter, and it was true she had long wandered in her wits, but undoubtedly she could see visions, both of the past and future. No, Bernardy not only felt no interest in the actual history of the place, but even shrank from knowledge. It seemed to make his dream-city less dream-like and less his.

Once in the dim passage leading to his room, he found he had forgotten which was his door. Carrying his lighted candle head high, he explored the far end of the passage, and came on a rather smaller door than the rest, studded with nail-heads set in a peculiar pattern. It flashed on Bernardy that it led to the room he had never been allowed

to enter—he even remembered the scar where one nail was missing. Pushing up the latch, he opened the door and passed through, the light of the candle he carried shining full on his face, so that he was plainly visible to anyone in the room, while he himself was too dazzled to see. There was a table at his left hand, and he put the candle down on it before advancing into the room.

There was a fire of smouldering logs on the hearth, and beside it sat an old, old woman. Her hands, with their knotted and discoloured veins, hung over the arms of her chair, under her chin a hollow cut up sharply. She stared at Bernardy from red-rimmed, rheumy eye-sockets, mumbling her mouth with a sucking movement grotesquely suggestive of a baby. Behind her, wrapped in the soft shadow, with fugitive gleams of firelight bringing out now a cheekbone, now the curve of chin, or of breast, stood a much younger woman—she seemed about thirty or perhaps a little more. They gazed at Bernardy in a calm silence for several seconds, while he stared at them. Then the younger woman stepped forward into the light, and Bernardy saw how big and strong she was, deep-chested and long-flanked, with a wide forehead and heavily folded lids. Against the white of her apron her hands and wrists showed coarse and reddened, but the big neck, where it disappeared into the kerchief, was white as milk.

"Monsieur mistakes the room," she said, in a deep voice whose Provençal twang was blurred into softness. "My grandmother is very old, and Monsieur will excuse her not wishing him good evening."

Bernardy, confused and bewildered, hesitated a moment, and it was the old woman who broke the silence. She seemed to be staring not so much at Bernardy as at some mental vision of him.

"Candide, he has come at last," she said, slowly and clearly, "you must give him the letters."

The woman called Candide dropped her heavy lids for a moment, while, to Bernardy's wonder, a blush mounted to the roots of her pale, smoothly-banded hair. Then she went to a cupboard, unlocked it, and took out a packet of letters and a small, paper-covered book, which she handed to him in silence. The old woman had closed her reddish lids, thickly woven over with small, raised veins, and there

was nothing left for Bernardy but to take the packet and go to his own room. He found it easily, for the door stood open now, and he sat himself by the fire and began to read. In spite of the instinct which had led him, he still had not guessed what he should find. The breath of dawn was stirring the curtains before he put the papers down.

The entries in the journal were very brief, and the first bore a date of some thirty-five years earlier.

"It is now two years since I left school," said the journal, "and I think I have improved in my hand-writing, also my crewel stitch. Papa was vexed with me to-day because the soup was too thin. It was the third straining from the same fowl, but we could not afford to kill another. I hear there is a stranger, an Englishman, in the town. He is voyaging for his education. I wish that was how they educated women."

The next entry was written the following night.

"Papa found there was an English Milord staying here, and has brought him to the château to dinner. He says even if the de Clerissacs have lost their wealth that is no reason why they should lose their manners. I had a fresh fowl killed and wore my muslin. I hear skirts are getting narrow and mine are very full. He has nice eyes and is so young—almost as young as I am."

Several months elapsed before the next entry. Bernardy read it with dimmed eyes.

"I am going away—I am going to try and find him. It is not his fault that everything has happened; I ought to have known, because I am the woman. He will be miserable when I find him and tell him what I have gone through, and I cannot bear to make him miserable. I would protect him from it if I could. But there will be the baby, and I must protect that too. Papa says I am no daughter of his, but I cannot see what I have done that is dreadful. I have done right—I am a woman now, and I know. How could it have been better for me to grow old and thin and never give to anyone? It is always good to give. I am leaving this behind me in the secret shelf of my cupboard, with all the letters I wrote him—the ones he gave me back and the ones I never sent. . . . I shall never come here again, and I love it like my soul. I will always pray our child will come here. He will not be born here,

but perhaps he will come here to die, even if I cannot. The candle is guttering and I must go. Papa says I may not bear his name any longer, and old Marie is letting me take hers. I am no longer de Clerissac, but must sign myself

"CANDIDE BERNARDY."

The first few letters were mere formal little notes—inviting the Milord to dine, at the instance of Monsieur de Clerissac, thanking him for taking herself and old Marie out driving in his postchaise, suggesting an hour when he might care to go wild-cat shooting with old Marie's son. Then came a letter in a more intimate key.

"You should not have sent to Nice for the books" (it ran), "yet I should be ungrateful not to thank you. If you care to come and see the violet-bed I was telling you of I will thank you in person. Papa says would you like one of Minèrve's next litter, but I say you will not be here then? Besides, in England are not your dogs of the chase of the best? Accept, Milord, my most grateful thanks and remembrances.—C. DE C.

There was only a fragment of the letter next in sequence, that ran as follows :—

". . . . and if you really wish it, I will with pleasure embroider a collar for the pup. Papa says I am to say he is glad you are staying on, as he never meets a gentleman here. It is amiable of you to admire my singing, though I fear it is sadly uncultured after what you are used to, but I too love the Provençal songs. You suggest Sunday evening to come and begin translating them into French, that would suit us admirably. My father is, alas! in bed with the gout, but perhaps you would be kind enough to go up and see him? It is true our garden is lovely by moonlight—you do not see then how neglected it is, but I am not sure if I ought to show it to you then. Perhaps if—" The rest of the page was missing, and Bernardy picked up the next letter.

"Bien-aimé" (he read), "how can I write you and what can I say? What do the women of your world say when they feel as I do? Ah! I hope you do not know, I hope you have never made any other woman feel what I do. Everyone must adore you, but only I must love you. There, I have said it! Edmund, I love you. But it is not so very

dreadful to say it, is it, since you love me? I cannot play with the truth to you, Edmund. To you I must always be

CANDIDE."

A week later a frightened chord was sounded.

"Edmund," she wrote, "do not again kiss me as you did last night. I feel wicked creeping out to meet you as it is, and last night—Edmund, you made me feel ashamed. It was not like kissing, it was as though you wished to eat me. Do not think me unkind, but I am feeling afraid, even of you. That is unkind—forgive me.—CANDIDE."

Another week, and the key had shifted again.

". . . . it is true. I love you so that you can kiss me even like you did that time. It terrifies me and I feel cold and weak, but it is enough that you say it is the most splendid thing you have ever known. Edmund, will you be angry if I say that I regret the days before we knew we loved? Everything was in a golden mist like you see in the valley at sunrise, and now I keep on feeling I do not understand you. Why do you say you cannot tell your father you love me? I am well-born, though it is true I have no *dot*, but indeed I am a good manager, and you say I am even prettier than the English ladies. Oh! I am lonely and frightened and I want your arms round me. Now that I have said that, you cannot reproach me with being cold. . . ."

"Your note has just come" (ran the next letter), "and I am oh! so miserable for you. You are not to think I am unhappy—I am happy to have loved you. If thinking about me adds to your unhappiness, I can even say—do not think about me. I can understand you cannot marry unless your fiancée has a *dot*, because of your estate. It is best that you should go, but you may see me to say goodbye. My dear one, my poor heart, what can I do to help you?"

That was all of the letters to Milord—the letters he had given back. Next came letters that were never sent.

"Chéri" (ran the first of them), "at last I can write out all that is in my heart, since you will never see these pages. I must write, or I shall go mad. . . . I don't regret, in spite of my shame and bewilderment, for I gave to you. I cannot even feel wicked, but I should not care if I did. I love you all the more now I know you are not what I thought. You are not a god or even a hero, you are a man, and so you are a child—my child, whose head I held on my

breast. You have told me to write to you if I need your help. How can that be? All that is left to me is to live out my life here in dreams. I imagine your presence all day. If the door opens behind me and someone enters, I pretend it is you till the last moment possible—until Papa or one of the servants comes round my chair and speaks to me. I have been loved, and I love; that is a great deal to live on."

That night she went on with the same letter.

"Edmund, Edmund, it is not enough—I want you. My heart is breaking. I can only lie with my eyes shut and my face pressed down, and something beats out, 'I want you, I want you.' My heart broke when you wrote me your last note. I had to reply cheerfully because of you. I am not so cowardly but that I can still be glad you do not know my heart broke. *Edmund, I want you, I want you.*"

The last of the unsent letters to Milord was written several months later.

"Why did I say hearts broke? They don't break, they go dead. Edmund, I wonder if, wherever you are, you are thinking of me? You are certainly not thinking that soon you will see me. I have been trying to decide what to do for the best, and now Papa says I shall not stay here till——till what he calls my shame is born. I will not stay where my hope and my joy is called my shame, and though I would never ask you anything for myself, I must ask it for what is coming. I am coming to England, and I must start now or I shall not arrive in time. I shall leave all my letters behind with my journal. I do not even know what I feel when I think of seeing you again.

CANDIDE DE CLERISSAC."

There was still one paper more, an envelope that had come by courier and was addressed to Marie Bernardy. It had been opened, but inside was an enclosure of which the seals were still unbroken. Without any shock of surprise Bernardy saw it was addressed to him.

"My son" (he read), "my little son, who, when you read this, will be a grown man, I, who have not quite lost my birthright of prevision, know that some day you will go to my town and read this. Will you be in trouble, my little son? Something tells me you will be near the end, and so

I write this to help you. You are lying on my lap now, and I think we shall have many years to wander in together, and you will grow away from me, but when you read this you will find me again, and something more as well. My son, I got no further than Paris, bearing you beneath my heart. There I heard from his priest-brother that he had been killed hunting, and there you were born. So you are mine, you belong to no one but me. Listen, my son. Life is good, but a clean death is good too. Never be afraid of one or the other. And when you read this in the home that was mine, put fear away and be a man. Find the one with whom you can face whatever comes without flinching, and when you have found her, never let her go till your arms must loose for good. My son, I was wrong to say that hearts went dead, they are merely numbed for a time if only we are never weak enough to regret. Always remember that it is the good woman who gives and the good man who creates, and take what is left to you of life and make with it. I am not merely imagining you as you read; I am actually with you, I have fused the present and the future into one, and I can see the dawn-light barring the floor through the slats of the shutters, and you are sitting by an empty hearth. Go out, my child, into the dawn. Edmond, my son, however long it is before you join me, I am to all eternity

YOUR MOTHER."

Bernardy staggered to his feet and went to the window, and the steel-cold bars of light from the slats ran up over him as he approached it. Flinging the shutters wide, he leant out, and drew deep breaths of the chill, sweet air. The yews and over-grown hedges of the garden were still velvety with shadow, but beyond the ramparts the delicate pallor of dawn was already tinged with a faint fire. So had his mother, half timid child, half peasant, and entirely woman, often watched with him beneath her heart. Yet as Bernardy saw the rose light strengthen, his thoughts left his mother for that other Candide who had reddened so unaccountably the night before—that Candide who must be called after his mother. He was still thinking of her as he went downstairs and through the open door that led into the garden.

He crossed to the furthest rampart of it, that hung over the cliff edge, and sat down to watch the dawn. Away to a

line of silver that told of the sea, the country looked as though dappled in grey and gold, for the valleys were pools of shadow veined by the brightening ranges of the mountains. There was a clearness, a transparency about the morning, a clarity of young green in leaf and grass, a glimmer of fragile dew globes and gossamer webs on the brambles, that all made for an agreeing lightness of that bubble the soul, and Bernardy was soothed to the core of him. Cupping his chin in his hands, he sat there, drenched in the ineffable light that seemed to make of the air some divine element more liquid than mere ether ; enveloping every edge in brightness, refracting from each leaf and vibrating with a diamond quality on the mists in the valley below. The pattern of events was beginning to clear for him as the world was cleared by the sunrise—it only needed some master event to be complete. He thought of the sleep into which he had fallen outside the town, and which had wiped his mind clear of resentment, and freed it for new impressions : he remembered the shock when he had first recognised the walls, his growing excitement as thing after thing was familiar to him, the blinding flash of the moment when he realised he had found his dream-city. On the crest of receptiveness he had entered the church, and the phrase of the old peasant woman had caught at his imagination. Looking back, he saw how it was the extraordinary serenity of the townsfolk that seemed their dominant characteristic—they were wrapped in it as in an atmosphere, they were clear-eyed, clear-skinned, clear-souled. From the moment when he recognised the nail-studded door till he put down the last of his mother's letters, his comprehensions had flowed outward in widening circles. In his new knowledge of his father and mother he knew himself more clearly than ever before. He remembered his mother, a silent, quiet-eyed woman, nearly always bent over her needlework—and he saw her as the eager, ignorant girl, full of romantic dreams ; saw her change into the half-timid, half-reckless lover ; followed her through her lonely grief to the attainment of quiet. She, too, could say it had been good—and with how far more reason than he ! He saw his father—weak, hot-headed, swayed by passion and selfishness and regret—his father who had preferred conventional safety to this hill-hung garden in Provence, where

he could have dreamt the greatest dream of all. He saw himself as he was, and there followed a twin-vision of how he would be lying cold and pulseless in a few weeks' time, and of how he might have lived in this city of dreams had he found it with his life still his own. He would indeed have dreamt the greatest dream of all—the dream that was life at its fullest. "It is the good woman who gives and the good man who creates. Take what is left to you of life and make with it" . . . . so wrote his mother, and like an answer flashed the words of the peasant woman in the church, "C'est l'enfant qui donne courage!"

The greatest dream of all!

He looked up and saw Candide, large and serene, coming towards him down the path, her skirts swinging from her broad hips. He stood up, and for a moment they faced each other in silence.

She was just thirty and in some ways looked more, because of the solidity of her well-poised figure, and her clear eyes, rimmed with black round each iris, were not the ignorant eyes of a child, they were the eyes of a woman who faces knowledge naturally and patiently. Big-boned, and, but for the whiteness of her skin, with a something rock-hewn about her face, her only beauty was that of health and a certain assurance which spoke of perfect poise. She was what Bernardy, in that moment's clarity of vision, knew her for—a woman born to be mother of men. He took a step towards her with the gesture of a frightened child, and with her big hands over his she drew him to the stone bench and sat beside him. He told her everything, simply and quickly, because he hated explanations and was impatient that they were necessary to her. When he had made an end she said:

"Do you know why I blushed last night when my grandmother recognised you?"

"No," replied Bernardy, startled out of himself, yet pricked to interest.

"Because my grandmother has always made me wait for you. . . ."

"Candide! Candide!" cried Bernardy, the child merged in the waxing possessiveness of the man, "shall we dream my last few weeks together, you and I?"

"You do not love me, that is so, is it not?" she asked.

"I am not in love with you, no. That is all spent. If you were any other woman I would lie to you. But it seems to me it matters very little whether I am or not—"

"No, it does not matter," said Candide. "What matters is that I can give to you and you to me. We will make life, you and I."

"Yes," agreed Bernardy, "we will make life," and as his arms went round her and his lips found hers everything that had puzzled him fell naturally into its place. He had always created in his verse, but it was for this his mother had borne him, it was this that the old woman in the church had meant, it was for this that the woman at his side had waited. It mattered very little that he himself would not live to see the life he made, the chief thing was to create, and he saw life as the greatest gift man could make to God.

Science and Human Sense

By Yoshio Markino

THE modern Occidental civilisation is *scientific*, and the ancient Oriental civilisation was that of *human sense*. Indeed, the Occidental civilisation is getting very high; but it is just like the Eiffel Tower—the stairs and elevators are kindly fixed to it. Anyone can go to the top by the means of the stairs and elevators, which I call sciences. Let me talk about the Art. If you go to the western Art Schools they will teach you the perspective, anatomy, botany, natural history, etc., and they teach you how to measure the subject you want to draw, and how to mix the paint to get the right colours. It is even more scientific in those other branches of schooling, such as architecture, engineering, etc. I call this "The Scientific Training."

The ancient Oriental civilisation was different. It was something like a high mountain which has many steep precipices, and its top is above the clouds. Only the genius could climb up to the top. Hark, what the ancient Japanese masters used to tell their pupils!

"Don't imitate my art. Don't watch my hand or brush. Only feel what I am feeling. Communicate your spirits directly to the Nature and find out everything yourselves. Judge your art with your own eyes and judge your music with your ears."

This is what I call the training of the *human senses*.

The scientific training is to find out the law of Nature and follow it, while the training of the Human Senses is the judgment by the Human Senses through their experiences. In those days, when the sciences were very poor, or practically not at all in China or in Japan, philosophies especially hated anything so-called "scientific," for they feared those poor "sciences" would make the human senses shallower. Instead of studying the rhetoric to enable themselves to express all their higher psychology, they refused to put their

deep thoughts into the words for fear that the words might check the imagination of their auditors to a certain limitation, according to what vocabularies their auditors had in their heads! They always said for anything and everything, "Ishin denshin," or, "Only heart communicates to heart." In this way they allowed their hearts to communicate to an extraordinary extent.

Here I give you an example. Once upon a time there was a great Buddhist philosopher. He wanted to understand the Buddha's philosophy thoroughly. He decided to have a pilgrimage to Tibet, where he believed that he could see a great philosopher, the true follower of Buddha. He travelled inland of China. He suffered very much on this most difficult journey in those lonely, dangerous mountains for more than a year. At last he arrived to the boundary of the "holy" country. It was only a few days' journey for him to reach to his long-desired destination. He was so tired and thirsty. It was a moonlight night, and he saw a beautiful silvery fountain at his own foot. He took up a handful of water and drank it. It gave him such a wonderfully fresh and sweet taste he had ever tasted. He was quite happy and slept on the rock near the "heavenly" fountain. When he was awoken next morning he found out that "heavenly" fountain was no more than a filthy little pond where some dead birds and animals' bones were lying, and all sorts of dirty insects were swimming! He gazed at it awhile with amazement, and suddenly decided to come back to his own home without visiting the holy place. His brother philosopher was awaiting him at home, and when they saw each other the former smiled at the latter and the latter gave a smile back to the former. They both thoroughly understood the Buddhist philosophy then.

(Perhaps the readers may need my little explanation about this story. When that pilgrim-philosopher saw the little pond he understood that this world was exactly same with it. The world itself is very dirty indeed, but only by your own point of view; it may look beautiful to you, and your own point of view would make yourself be happy. As he had understood this world in that way, he need not trouble himself for going any further. His brother philosopher seeing him come back, smiled, and understood that

real human philosophy was not the thing to go elsewhere to find out, for it was in each individual's heart. Thus, they used to get the knowledge entirely by feeling each other's meaning.)

An ancient Chinese philosopher, Bayen, said, "Suppose you tried to paint a goose and you made it like a duck, it is not quite bad. But if you tried to paint a tiger and made it like a dog it is worth nothing."

By this he meant, if you learn things systematically and scientifically you can get something very near, if you do not quite succeed. But if you learn things by the *human senses* only you may easily get most hopeless result.

The scientific training is surer, even if you cannot quite succeed with it, but the judgment by the human senses alone is very dangerous indeed.

Those rare first class brains which produce the picture of goose as the real goose and that of tiger as the real tiger, shall become the genius wherever they live and whenever they are born. However, we cannot expect the whole population in the world as geniuses. It is unfortunate enough to find far more second class or even third class brains in average. Therefore we must always consider how to lead these inferior brains. The world is just like a whole squadron. Suppose there were a few boats which have 30-knot speed while the rest of them all had 18-knot speed. If those few superior boats made their full speed the others could not follow after them only to the disadvantage of both. It is the first class brains' duty always to join to the second and third class brains and guide them. Now then, the question comes in—whether the Sciences alone could lead the people satisfactorily into the real civilisation or not. The logic says it should, or at least it ought to, when all the Sciences reach to the top. But until then, or even after then, we cannot throw away the training of the human senses after all. Just for an example, look at those scientific instruments for the music, especially the pianola! How wonderful improvement of Science! Such an ignorant man about the music like myself could not find the difference between the pianola and pianist! But my musician friend shook his head and sighed deeply—"You say you cannot find the difference? Ah, when the great masters put their fingers on the keys, there is some life in them and um . . . .

that horrid pianola is too mechanical, it is a dead thing altogether."

That well-trained human sense of the musician's ears is only satisfied with the well-experienced human fingers and not yet with the scientific machine. Because the latter is still only too poor. But why should not the scientific machine reach to the point equal to the musician's fingers when it gets into perfection some day? However, in ancient time, we never expected it in Japan. We had a proverb—"Don't glue your bridge to your instrument." That meant you must find out the right tune with your own ears and fix to the right place each time. It was not only for the music alone. For another old proverb said, "On each occasion use your senses accordingly." Indeed, we used to ignore any scientific classifications or finding out the law of nature to follow after it. On the contrary, we tried to judge everything with our own human senses, and in many cases it was more satisfactory.

Now let me proceed one step further upon the Science. Suppose the Science reached to its perfection, could we rely upon it entirely and throw away all the judgment of our human senses? I must give my answer strongly in the negative. When I was in a poor lodging-house in Greenwich, my landlord ordered a frock-coat to some inferior tailor in the same quarter. The tailor brought the coat with him and he was trying it on my landlord. The latter called me into his room and said to me, "You see, Mr. Markino, what a nice coat my tailor can make! And it is very cheap, too. You ought to ask him to make one for yourself." The tailor seemed very proud. I had just a glance on the back of my landlord. Immediately I noticed the difference of the length on his shoulders. I said, "Your left shoulder seems about quarter of an inch wider than your right shoulder!"

The tailor changed his expression at once, and was excited in his vexation—"Sir, I have measured it carefully. It is impossible!" Whereupon I snatched his foot-measure and put it on the shoulders. Lo! just quarter of an inch difference was there. The English foot-measure is only too perfect and the tailor trusted it too much. He has forgotten that he made mistake of his measuring and now . . . what a result he had got! All because he

knew only that his foot-measure was scientifically perfect, that was all, and evidently he neglected to train the human sense of his eyes, therefore he could not find out his faults.

This sort of disaster often happens among the too "scientific" nations. In the olden Japan or China, we had not such a perfect foot-measure like yours, but all those great masters as well as the artisans used to judge the measuring by their own well-trained eyes and how accurate it was! It was far more reliable than your most perfect instrument when it is *carelessly* used by the people who have no training of their human senses at all. For this reason those ancient primitive people, or even the modern savages, often produce more perfect works than the so-called "scientific" Westerners.

Now look at those Japanese or Chinese cooks! They never use the cookery books as yours which give you the measurement of sugar, salt, water, etc., etc., and the timing of the fire. But how most excellently they cook! Ask them how they cook. They would give you their own proverb as the answer, "On each occasion use your sense accordingly." They taste everything while they are cooking and the judgment of their most experienced tongue is far above any scientific cookery book.

I remember when I was working as a clerk at the Japanese Naval Office in London, some Japanese officers had a great discussion upon the English and French naval architecture. One of the most able officers said, "The French naval architecture is purely scientific, while that of English is practical one, therefore if you only have a glance upon their plans you would naturally incline to admire the French plan most. In France, some great scientifists are investigating every branch of science to make the warships *scientifically* "*perfect*," and they hand those boats to the sailors. Only if all the sailors were as great scientifists as those who planned the boats, it would be simply marvellous. But remember the sailors are usually those most ignorant and uneducated fisher-boys (in Japan). It would take ages to train them scientifically, perhaps it would be absolutely hopeless to make those boys scientifists. Then the boat won't act as it is expected after all.

On the other hand, look at the English warships. The English captains demand the scientifist to make the boat

according to their desires after their long experience (I call it the training of the human senses), "therefore the English plan may look not quite as nice as that of the French, but everything is easy to work for any ignorant sailor. It is far more practical after all."

I am thankful that Japan ordered most of her warships from England, and it is needless to mention how splendidly they acted at our late war!

As I am an artist let me write about a few points in the relationship between Art and Science. Perhaps photography is one of the greatest triumphs of the Science. I have been asked by many whether the photography is useful to my art or not. I always answer them negatively. Certainly the photography has given great benefit to other knowledges but not to the Art.

About the differences between the photographical perspective and that of the human eyes, so many people have spoken, therefore I omit it here.

Now let me talk about the movement of the horses' feet. In the photographs we often see most extraordinary and unimaginable pose of the feet of running horses. It is perfectly correct. At some moment their feet must have such pose only it is invisible to our eyes, for such movement is too quick to catch. Only the photographic machine can catch that. We ought to be thankful for such scientific machine to search out what we cannot see with our own eyes. Therefore I say the photography has benefited us in some knowledges. But I often notice some artists of the inferior brains have drawn the people and horses in such shapes as the photograph shows you. O, what a great disaster to the Art; I sincerely ask those artists "Have you ever seen such shapes with your own eyes? I must say your art has got into the delusion by photography." The sense of our eyes is not as sharp as the machine, while the movement of the horse's feet is by fits and starts. Therefore we can observe their position when they are in the slowest speed and that position only impresses our eyes, and that impression alone should be shown by the Art. My definition of the word "art" is "well-selected." Therefore to me it is not the real artist who follows after the result of the mechanical photography and shows the ugliest shapes, which the human eyes can never observe.

Such pictures can be done for the illustration of some scientific books only.

Now I have observed another disastrous delusion of some Western artists. They often go into the theory of perspective more "scientifically" than the reality. That is to say, they paint the objects out of the visible circle. The human eye cannot see more than 60 degrees, which I call "visible circle."

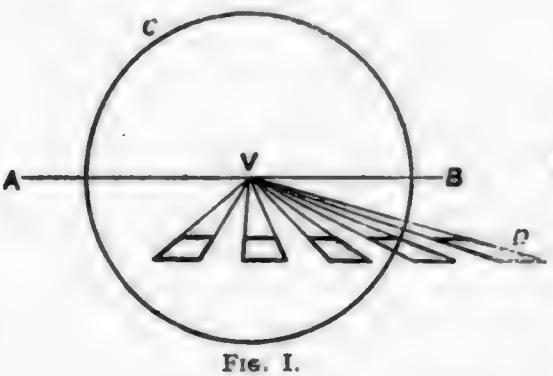

Fig. I.

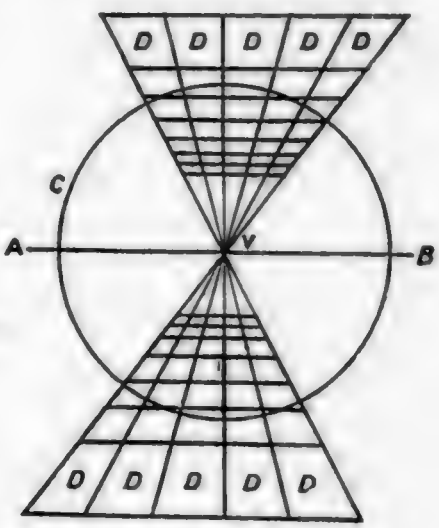

Fig. II.

In Fig. I. V is the vanishing point —, A and B the horizontal line. C is the "visible circle." Suppose there are many square plates. Those plates within the visible circle are in correct perspective. But see those out of the circle. Notice especially D, the farthest one from the circle. Its lateral line becomes far longer than the reality ought to be.

In Fig. II. I show you the same effect on the subject above and below the visible circle. This is what I call the scientific theory, which represents the nature into falsehood. What a stupid idea some artist gets to try to paint what he cannot see unless he turns his head round, in which case the "plane" of his picture would be changed. I often notice this most foolish attempt on some pictures—especially of the inside of cathedrals or abbeys or other architectures. I am absolutely astonished to observe this sort of foolishness in such a scientifically civilised country like England. And especially when I saw several pictures of that kind of

delusion in South Kensington Museum, *the prize of the Great Britain*, I have lost my tongue to utter a single word!

Indeed, some modern artists neglect their human senses, and are entirely intoxicated andvictimised by the "scientific" delusion. No wonder why many art-lovers despise the modern art and worship the old masters. In olden times, when those masters never thought of sciences, they used to paint pictures entirely from the training of their human senses. The art was more satisfactory then. It is the fact that the more scientifical training we get the more we lose the human senses.

But, even to-day, we often esteem the human sense more than Science for many things. Hark what the golfers say! "Keep your eye on the ball!" Indeed, if you keep your eye on the ball your club hits just the right point of the ball. That is your human sense, which is far more accurate than any science.

I have just started to learn billiard. To tell the truth, I know a little bit of the physics. I often imagine and plan all sorts of angles scientifically. But to me, my own confidence, with the strong will to hit the balls, is far more successful than to fidget my brain with my little science. If I have confidence my hands seem to work unconsciously parallel to science. This is the triumph of my human sense over the science. Have you ever noticed your human sense when you want to lift up something? Suppose there is a kettle, and you think the water is full in it! Try to lift it up; if it has less water than you thought you feel it is too light; or if it has full water and you thought it had no water, you feel it too heavy. But how comfortably you can lift it up when the water was just as much as you thought! Only if you train this human sense of yours you may be able to do extraordinary things in the end. When I was a boy at home there was a poor grocery man in my village. He used to sell salts, sugar, beans and rice without any measuring instrument, and he was very proud of the accuracy of his measuring. Sometimes those deformed people like the blind get this sense into extremity. And certainly, when the ancient primitives had so little science they had most wonderful *Human Sense*.

In China they had the lunar calendar about 4,000 years ago. They believed the earth was flat and all the stars

were moving round, but how accurate was their astronomical calculation! And look at their arts and architectures. They judged everything with their most trained eyes. They simply avoided anything "ugly." By the way, the word "ugly" means some uncomfortable irritation upon the nerves of the eyes. If anything has the outlines which don't go smoothly with your eyes it irritates your nerves and you call it "ugly" and you hate it. The ancient primitives had wonderful sense about that, all through their own experiences. I am not entitled by any means to discuss about the ancient European civilisation, for I have never studied about it, except the most primary books which I read at the school. But as I believe that you might not be familiar with the ancient Oriental civilisation; let me give you some examples from the ancient Greek and Roman architectures. Look at those large columns of those temples!

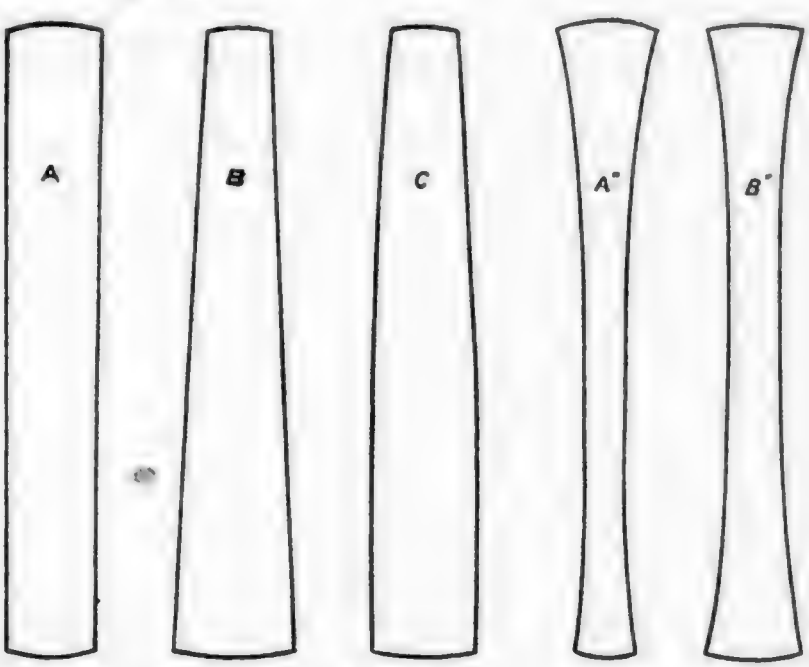

FIG. III.

Instead of making it a straight cylinder or conical like A or B they made it like C, the top being much smaller than the bottom and its outlines being convex instead of the straight line, because they found out by their experiences that A and B looked "ugly" (or irritating to the ocular

nerves) while C looked beautiful (or comfortable to the ocular nerves). They knew if they made it like A or B it would look like A" or B". I wonder (I am so ignorant of the Greek history) whether they knew the scientifical theory about it or not! However let me explain it to you—

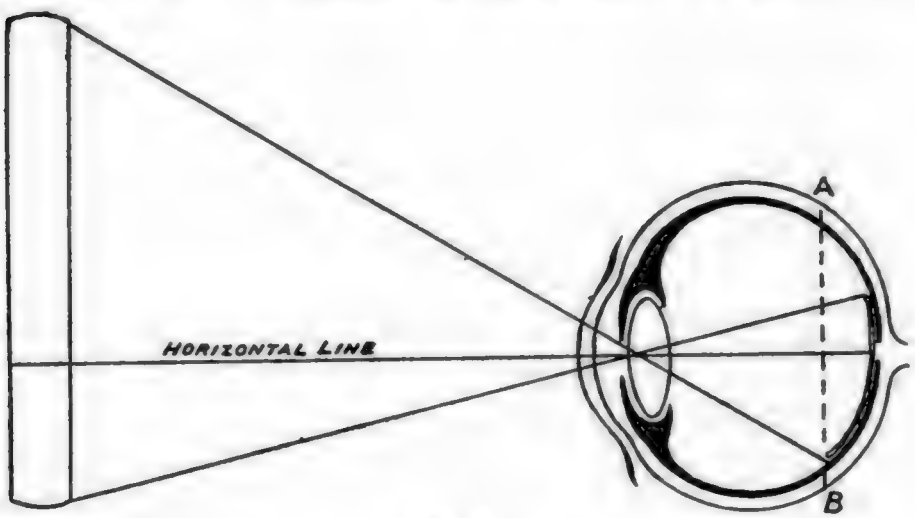

FIG. IV.

you see in Fig. IV. how the column reflects on the retina of your eye.

Only if the retina of your eye was flat like A B, the cylinder column will reflect on it quite straight, but as it is round its reflection will be like Fig. V.,

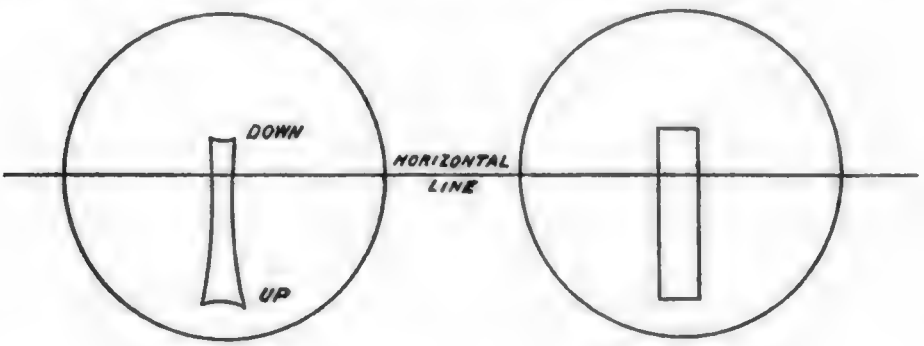

FIG. V. FIG. VI.

while the Greek column will reflect like Fig. VI.

It was for the same reason they made the wide steps on convex line instead of the straight horizontal, as the latter would reflect on our eyes as concave line.

But, alas! the Baroque builders made such a mess of their architecture. Evidently they were big fools. They had not that wonderful Greek *Human Sense* to judge the art. They only thought "curved lines" were more artistic than the straight lines, and they made every line curved without knowing how those beastly lines fidget our eyes. Therefore, the Baroques are simply eye-sore. Last time when we went to Tivoli one of my John Bulless friends said to me, "The Baroque is not quite so bad when it is as large as that (pointing to a fountain in Villa d'Este). I quite agreed with her. The reason is that when it is so large those curved lines are parallel with the curve of our retina. Indeed, Science was very much needed for such fools like the Baroques, who had not the Human Sense enough.

I always say, the merit of literature belongs to the Human Sense more than the Sciences. "I was watching him running away. He was gone . . . gone far away over that field beyond! . . . so far that he looked no larger than an ant." How much more impressive it is than to say, "He was gone *so many metres away!*"

But even the literature, if it lacks the scientific knowledge, often gets into the hopeless delusion. There has been a great discussion about the size of the moon among the Japanese. Someone claimed that the diameter of the moon looked more than three feet to his eyes, while another

Fig. VI.

Fig. VII.

said it looked less than three inches. They quarrelled for all their life and could not settle the question. How very laughable was their discussion! It is only the matter where you make your imaginative plane through which you look at the moon.

In Fig. VI. you are looking at the moon on the top of a far-distant hill. And suppose there is a tree which you know is three feet on the hill the diameter of the moon looks about same with the height of the tree. Therefore you may imagine the moon has the diameter of three feet. But if you go nearer to that tree as Fig. VII. and compare it with the size of the moon the latter would look much smaller. Fig. VIII. shows the size of the moon differs at various places where you make the plane of your imaginary picture; or take a nearer subject, and you see in

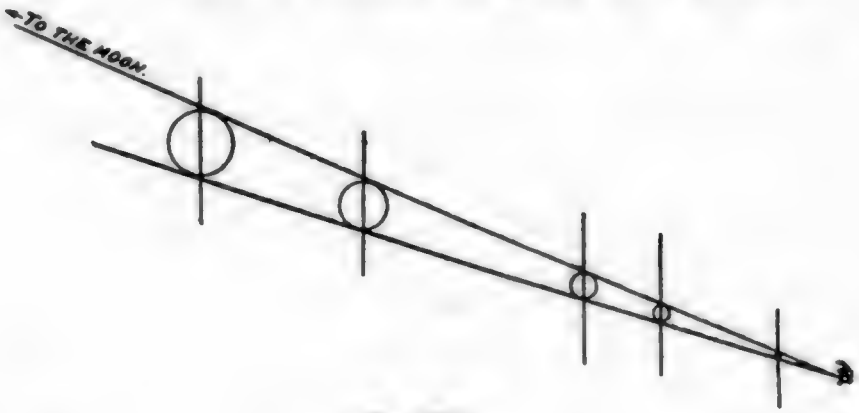

FIG. VIII.

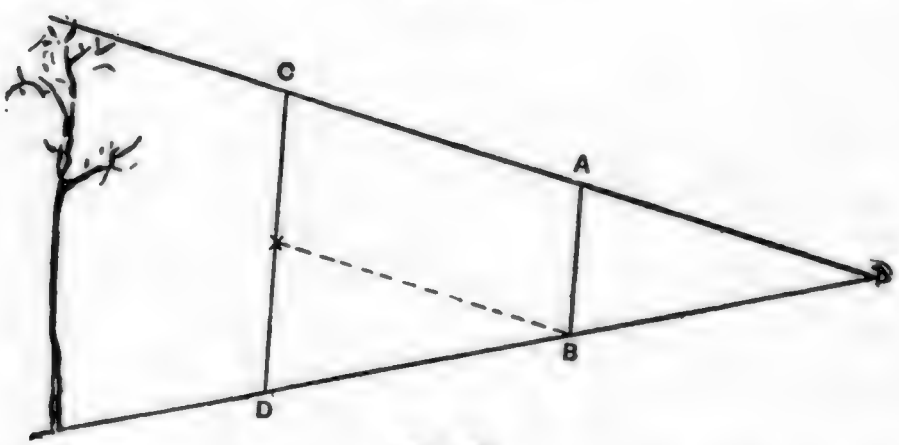

FIG. IX.

Fig. IX. if you make your imaginative plane at A B

it would look twice smaller than if you make it at C D, which distance is twice further!

Tatsuo Kumoi, a Japanese poet, said, "So and so mountain in my village is very high." Someone asked him "How high is it?"

"Nearly six feet."

"Nonsense."

"Yes!" the poet shouted in his excitement, "The height of my window is six feet, and when I look at that mountain from my room its top nearly touches the top of my window."

Some Japanese poets had far more advanced Human Sense than their brother artists. The former had such well-trained eyes, with which they observed the very accurate perspective phenomenon, although they were as ignorant of sciences as the artists.

Dokan Ota, the famous poet-warrior of the sixteenth century, could not be satisfied with those paintings without perspective by the artists of his time. He himself has

Would-be-the picture of the Japanese artists in 16th century.

The picture by the verses of the Poet.

drawn a sketch of the correct perspective in his thirty-one-syllable poetry :—

"Waga Io wa Matsu-bara tōku
Umi chikaku
Fuji no Takane wo
Nokiba nizo miru."

Translation :

"My cottage is far away from the pine forest,
And nearer to the sea;
The high summit of Fuji comes
Just under the roof edge."

But, after all, the poet himself could not paint with his brush such exquisite pictures as the Western artists make now.

About the perspective, I have some story of my own father. When I got a book of the drawing lessons at my grammar school there was a drawing of a square box in the correct perspective. My father saw it and said, "What? This box is surely not square, it seems to me very much crooked." About nine years later he was looking at the same book and called me and said, "How strange it is! You know I used to think this square box looked crooked, but now I see this is perfectly right."

This is because, when my father saw that drawing first time, he had no knowledge of the perspective. Therefore it looked "crooked." But afterwards he has studied the perspective thoroughly, then that drawing with the correct perspective looked to him "perfectly right."

This example shows you that if one is ignorant of the law of nature, a quite correct thing looks to him quite wrong. That is why I say that you must have the scientific training, although it may make you feel disagreeable, and you must not rely upon only your Human Sense, which is very dangerous, as I said before. It is not only about the perspective, I think it is especially so with Religions and Philosophy. If you stick to your own faith only, and don't apply scientific knowledge upon your faith to test it, you shall never be able to find out your delusion. Some religious preachers often say, "Never mind of anything, only have your faith in it." This is very dangerous.

Indeed, they ought to have strong decision to shake off all their own delusions, or else even a so-called sacred religion would make you a superstitious fool. It is most

undeniable fact that all the religions have been leading the Human Sense into the delusion in many ways, although they have undoubtedly benefited by much "grace" and "peace" to many poor aching hearts; you ought to be awakened from such delusion sooner or later, and get real grace and peace from the genuine Law of Nature.

Of course, I know there are many second and third class brains which cannot be awakened suddenly. If we tell them the genuine Truth, they will only lose their own "Faith" as well as their happiness. Therefore we need to be very patient and guide them gradually. We must give them some medicine little by little. We say in Japan, "If you take too much medicine at once it will kill you instead of curing you."

Here, in London, fortune-telling seems quite fashionable. Now let me talk about them.

And look at those palmistry and fortune-tellers in China. They have been believing the fortune-telling by "Yoki," and her history tells us that almost in every case that fortune-telling came out *true*. I quite believe it. It is only the matter of the human delusion.

Now let me explain it. Our human brain has every function—good and bad and everything. Suppose one was told by the palmist that he shall become a great artist. Of course, there is the function of art in his brain. Therefore, if he has full faith in the palmistry, and studies the art with all his energy, he may become a great artist in the end. Thus the weak human mind often gets a benefit through its own delusion. But this is exactly same with the case of the drug consumer. When the drug consumer gets unwell he takes more drugs to cure himself. He will be cured in that way for temporarily, but you know too well what result he shall have in the end. So if one was told by a fortune-teller that he will commit murder in his life he may easily commit murder, and very often a weak-minded one would die at the age that his fortune-teller "prophesied" to die. That is simply his damnable delusion. I myself have witnessed an extraordinary case of this delusion. There was a peasant called Ishikawa near my village. Someone asked him to carry a parcel and said that some poisonous thing was in it. Ishikawa imagined it must be "urushi" (the varnish for the Japanese lacquer work).

While he was carrying it on his back it constantly touched to his shoulder. When he arrived home he found out the skin of his shoulder was poisoned in exactly the same effect of urushi poisoning. However the contents was not urushi. It was not poisonous thing at all. Only his friend made joke. Here is another example. Iyeyasu the first Tokugawa Shogun was a great diplomatist. He wanted a decisive battle, but he was afraid that his soldiers might not fight well. He pretended to ask "God's will" at the temple of Atsuta. After his long "prayer" he threw off many coins on the sand, and said, "If it is God's will to win this battle all the coins should have the 'head' up." Everyone of them had the "head" up, so his superstitious soldiers had a decisive battle and conquered his enemy. In fact that fox-like Iyeyasu pasted each two coins together, having their both side "head." This is an example of how what I call the drug consumers were stimulated with more drugs.

Toko Fujita gave quite a reverse example to that of Iyeyasu. He was one of the greatest compatriots at the time of our civil war to make the new Japan. (By the way, he was a friend of my father's.) He opened that Chinese fortune-telling book "Yoki" before he was going to the war. The book said most pessimistic view, "There was no chance for him to conquer." All his soldiers turned pale. Fujita said, "What use to believe such a book. It is the most urgent matter to us to fight for our sacred Emperor. We have no time to think of our own fate. We must go on all the same." The soldiers were much moved by his earnest and sincere speech. They did their best and they had a great triumph after all. This is an example of how what I call the drug consumer was cured without drugs, or the delusion was transferred to the sound mind.

When I was under ten there was a great fascination in my village. It was called "Kokuri San." It was something like your table-turning. Three bamboo sticks were tied together in the middle and straight out like the feet of the canvas stool, and a teatray was put over it and we covered a large cloth over. And three people touched their fingers just above the feet. We had a short creed to repeat again and again. Then those feet began to move. In my childish mind I believed that a spirit of fox came in if we

read the creed with "faith." Whenever I touched that Kokuri San it used to move freely. Later on, when I was in San Francisco, I recollected it, and tried it with my American friend. It never moved. All because I have had more scientific training by that time, and I had lost that superstitious faith altogether, therefore, I could not concentrate all my nerves on it. This is an example that the delusion of the Human Sense was checked by the Science.

The Human Senses may get into any delusion. It is the Science which keeps the Human Senses out of its delusion. It is just like the pergola of the vine, it always makes the vine to grow on the straight line.

Even in such scientifically civilised country like Europe I often see some primitive savages too. They have absolutely no scientific training, and their Human Sense is little more than other animals' sense. Human Sense and scientific knowledge together make one able to judge everything, and that power of judging is what I call wisdom. Therefore, if one lacks both scientific knowledge and Human Sense, I must call him a fool. These fools are making their stubborn stupidity as their backbone, with which only can they stand alive!

They often talk thus—"I don't like this art," "I hate that actor," "I can't bear that diplomatist," "Oh, you pagans," etc., etc. And if we ask them their own opinion and why, they have no opinion whatever! They only judge, or to say more correctly, they only *bubble* over, everything with their stupidly fixed idea without any reason. And if we try to explain them the *truth*, they shake their heads negatively and put their fingers on their ears. They would never listen and they are keeping their foolish idea like a piece of broken bottle, as preciously as if it were a diamond. They are guarding their broken-bottle pieces with such disgusting pre-judgment, and suspicions that all their neighbours might come to rob them of their "diamonds." They are exactly like a dog keeping his meat with his paws. If you go near him he will bite you, your sincere kindness to him notwithstanding. How very tiresome it is indeed!

For the justice and for the truth we ought to be ready to listen and accept, even if it is spoken from the mouth of a six-year old child! But to do this, of course, we need

our wisdom to judge whether it is genuine truth or not. And those poor wretched fools! When they have no wisdom they cannot judge anything.

That parable of "A Farmer and His Mare" is the best example of those inferior brains. If they listen to others' saying without the power of judging the truth you don't know where they might be carried away! Poor creatures! Perhaps it may be safer for them to stick to their own stubborn stupidity, otherwise they may cause some dangerous object against the public peace, especially if they get into the political circle! And if those poor creatures get into "religion" they think any people outside their own "religion" must be devils. Oh, how often I have been annoyed by them. They want to persuade me into "Christianity" (quite against the idea of the real Christ), and their "sermons" are simply boring and torturing! Although they lack entirely their wisdom, only if they have that beautiful conscience called sympathy and sincerity, I would not be so rude as to hurt their hearts. I would kneel down before them, but the lack of sympathy as well as wisdom is no more than the broken bottle to me.

Alas, there are too many pieces of broken bottles everywhere in this world. The leaders shall have to find out a safest place to tidy up these useless, if not injurious, broken bottles. Perhaps I shall write a book "How to Keep the Broken Bottles" someday soon.

The Lonely Idol

By Lord Dunsany

Dedicated to Dr. Oliver Gogarty, who gave me the swine-faced image

I HAD from a friend an old, outlandish stone, a little swine-faced idol to whom no one prayed.

And when I saw his melancholy case as he sat cross-legged at receipt of prayer, holding a little scourge that the years had broken (and no one heeded the scourge, and no one prayed, and no one came with squealing sacrifice—and he had been a god), then I took pity on the little forgotten thing, and prayed to it as perhaps they prayed long since, before the coming of the strange, dark ships, and humbled myself and said:—

"O idol, idol of the hard, pale stone, invincible to the years, O scourge-holder give ear, for behold I pray.

"O little pale-green image, whose wanderings are from far, know thou that here in Europe, and in other lands near by, too soon there pass from us the sweets and song and the lion strength of youth; too soon do their cheeks fade, their hair grow grey, and our beloved die; too brittle is beauty, too far off is fame, and the years are gathered too soon; there are leaves, leaves falling, everywhere falling; there is autumn among men, autumn and reaping; failure there is, struggle, dying, and weeping, and all that is beautiful hath not remained, but is even as the glory of morning upon the water.

"Even our memories are gathered too, with the sound of the ancient voices, the pleasant, ancient voices that come to our ears no more; the very gardens of our childhood fade, and there dims with the speed of the years even the mind's own eye.

"O be not any more the friend of Time, for the silent hurry of his malevolent feet has trodden down what's

fairest; I almost hear the whimper of the years running behind him, hound-like, and it takes few to tear us.

"All that is beautiful he crushes down as a big man tramples daisies—all that is fairest. How very fair are the little children of men. It is autumn with all the world, and the stars weep to see it.

"Therefore, no longer be the friend of Time, who will not let us be, and be not good to him but pity us, and let lovely things live on for the sake of our tears."

Thus prayed I out of compassion, one windy day, to the snout-faced idol to whom no one kneeled.

DUNSANY.

Authority and Privilege

AUTHORITY, which is the expression of force sanctioned by law or custom, has always been at variance with privilege, which in a general way may be described as the natural right of the individual. They are subtle things, both in scope and definition, authority being often little more than a well-established privilege, as we saw recently with the fall of the House of Lords; privilege, on the other hand, having a very real authority, as in the right of man to work, to make his own bed and lie on it, or of woman to choose her own clothes. But, as a rule, they are antagonistic conceptions, for authority, as often as not, steps in and takes away the privilege of the individual, as when a white woman wants to marry a coloured gentleman and the voice of authority forbids it; or when kings in the days of princely warfare put out the lamp of what reason man was capable of with their inviolate sacrosanctity of the Majesty. Thus, though Goliath had the power, David had a sling. And there has been war between them ever since, it being the right of authority to chastise and the privilege of humanity to rebel.

It is the difference, roughly speaking, between man and woman; between brain and homespun; between the Conservative and Liberal idea, and, as authority has always been the mate of stagnancy and reaction, so has privilege been the mistress of progress. What is called Civilisation, which is largely the measure and instrument of authority, has been evolved by this fertilising progress of rebellion, put together by the industry and creation of the individual, like the cells that are formed in a hive. From the earliest beginnings authority has fought progress, initiation, invention, genius, the individual, as the usurper and pretender to its estate, and every time the new thing has survived, it

has won to the dignity of the other. So through the whole morphology of state and society the war has gone on, in the religions and schisms of Christianity no less than in the darkest annals of the Robber Barons, as Galileo, Columbus, Luther and Raleigh, and the great army of discoverers and pioneers, thinkers and creative artists of all time could tell, even to this very hour when it is a safer thing to be a miner toiling on a minimum wage than a poet with a live message.

For the poet is the purest of all rebels, as much an outlaw as Robin Hood. The privilege that he has, of creation, may be superb, yet he has no authority, either to make men read or support him. In the old days, when authority was absolute, so long, of course, as the power behind it was controlling, the poet often had a better time of it than he has to-day, being patronised in much the same fashion as a clown or a dwarf, and for much the same reasons. There is a grace that is born of authority. But for authority, too, it was easier. Till quite recently, the invention of gunpowder was held to be a far more potent weapon than that of the printing-press. Now we know better. In the place of explosives we have got science, in the place of ignorance the word. All over Europe and beyond, the printing-presses are working, making the wise wiser, and the ignorant enlightened, though it may be only half-enlightened, for reading is the privilege of every man. Education has become the wand of the ancient magician, and doors open, as easily and rapidly as truths; men think and things are apt to happen. Idols, beliefs, superstitions, tradition, convention, authority itself, all are being cast into the alembic of the modern spirit where there is no longer any faith but only the privilege of undying hope.

Now that men are flying, what else can we expect? The very laws of gravitation are being compassed. Our imagination reels before the sheer romance of the wonders man with his science is achieving. Instead of the negative laws of the commandments we have the brave "thou shalt" of these individuals and discoverers. It is the ego of Nietzsche, the triumph of the privilege of man. It is the inconquerable "possibility" of Napoleon.

This condition of personal conquest and general opening up naturally does not make for law and order, and so it is no matter of surprise if authority just now is having rather a bad time of it. The fact is, speed is the religion of the age. We are all in the air, so to speak, hanging on in the spirit to Vedrine's flying machine, crying out all the while for more, and wondering how we are going to obtain it. Everything is in doubt, in a state of change and rudiment. We have lost our respect, our repose, our religion. Demos, which is naturally as the child to wisdom, has grown restive, like fidgety Phil. There would seem no reason why he should sit still. Marx versus Mr. Bumble—obviously it is not a fair fight. As the bauble was removed from Westminster, why not divorce capital from labour? He forgets, of course, that capital is the mother of labour, but then young Demos is not an economist any more than Lady Mary is when she orders seven new exclusive creations from Worths in Paris. Moreover, the Lady Mary is just as restive herself. The fever of entity has entered into her, too. She likewise wants to work, to be a man. The home, obedience, maternity—these are to her as fabulistic as the three Graces, since there is no apple any more worth the eating.

This anarchy, or self-assertion of the individual, has affected even the arts. The latest thing in music is Strauss' abolition of the orchestra in place of twenty-one soloists, each playing for his own reputation as hard as he can go. In painting we find a section who seek to portray "ambience," sensation, emotion, and physical condition; and there are poets of the same school. The revolt of the Futurists and sound artists generally is simply a revolt against authority; it is that they, too, are seeking the wings of the airmen, as the women are fighting for Westminster. Whether it is the right policy to clip a wing in order to obtain a better is another question. But authority has "come off the tree" in the arts. Experiment is the scent of the time. Sagging at the authority of the arts is the same force pulling at convention everywhere, a suckling spirit of nourishment, as wonderful as it is alarming.

The question of course is—is it alarming? Many causes go to an effect, as we realise when we take to pieces a Chinese medicine flask, or listen to Casals playing the 'cello, and wonder what exact proportion of labour, skill and genius go to produce such exquisite technical execution. Behind every cloud there is the blue sky serene and peaceful, under the fiercest wave there is the stillness of the sea. Every prophet in every age has gathered round him an audience with the parrot cry, "Woe unto ye Scribes and Pharisees," but to-day the only prophets are the people who take a guinea for it round about Bond Street, and it has quite gone out of statemanship. To-day, the seer is the scientist. The departure of the "great figure" in our public life has been widely noted. He has gone because no man believes in him any more, as no woman believes in any man.

We are getting to believe in ourselves. It is a tremendous thing this *credo* of the individual, and, of course, it is the polarity of Feudalism. When, bristling with the dignity of authority, we are apt to denounce this Labour unrest, these women window-smashers, these Futurist artists, this coxcomb spirit of revolt, it may be as well to remember that every child is born of labour. Jesus, Luther, Shakespeare, Ibsen, Wagner, think how they all had to wrestle with the ignorance and arrogance of convention; how in our own time Shaw fought London in knickerbockers! As an institution, the inquisition, and not only the Catholic one, has lost its reason because the spirit of intolerance is dead. Germany could never expel another Heine should he arise in this century. Mahommedanism, amputated limb by limb, is still waiting for the Prophet; meanwhile it has lost the Sultan, Morocco, Algiers, Tripoli, and Egypt, where Lord Kitchener has become the Mountain.

Here, where fatalism is practically extinct, only reason and foresight can prevail. It is plainly the duty of the State to preserve order, to look to the working and well-being of the community, as it is the privilege of every working-man in England to obtain what wages he can. With us, the whole question of State control and inter-

ference is the question of the private ownership of the land and of the main arteries of the nation. In Germany this is not the case, but in England, where the principle of government is amateurishness, it is an anomaly to ask authority to step in and interfere whenever capital finds itself seriously in trouble with labour, as in the case of the railways last summer and the miners at the present juncture, seeing that the principle of private enterprise and ownership is maintained, and that if, *vice versâ*, the State were to come forward with coercive measures to browbeat capital there would be a pother louder even than that about English capital going abroad, which the bankers started a couple of years ago. Every time this kind of trouble arises the State is in a quandary. When is it to interfere? How? Just when capital is getting defeated? Or when? And why, after all, should it interfere if it has no right to do so at other times; or why, if it does consider the matter of national moment, should it not step in, once and for all, and buy up the springs of trouble?

However one regards it, the socialisation of national State industries would seem the solution. Coal, we admit, is the concern of the nation and therefore of the Government, and so are the railways, as are the waterways in Germany. The moment these economic disturbances begin to pinch the comforts of the people the problem arises, What about the law of private contract? Logically, such a trouble as the Coal Strike should be left to its own end and, if it were, and the dislocation of trade brought home the intolerable absurdity of the whole business to the people, socialisation of the mines there would soon be, because the country would be utterly weary of a private squabble which threatened to ruin its stability.

Rightly so. The *Daily Mail* published a table of the coal owners' profits at the beginning of the strike, showing how profitable the industry was. It is clearly monstrous that the whole nation should suffer because some few very rich men decline to grant a minimum wage to over a million men working at hourly danger of life underground. There is the question of contract, of course, and it is a serious question, but the interests of England come before

the interests of a ring of capitalists, and if those interests. as in the present strike, warrant Governmental interference at all, then they justify absolutely whatever policy the Government may see fit to undertake to safeguard the welfare of the whole. This Labour unrest is the question of privilege, the spirit of youth versus authority which is the giant stand-still. It is puerile to expect working men nowadays to accept any standard of wages as permanent. This is not the age of permanency in any branch of thought or fact. Things are moving very much as Marx predicted in his great work "Capital." Labour has entirely blown away the vitality of old Whig and Tory politics, and that because it is a fierce and palpitating reality.

The outcome of this miners' strike inevitably must be that new thing to us, the bugbear Socialism. That is why the Tory papers are screeching so loudly, quite forgetting their so-called Tory democratic policy, which from time to time they haul out of the feudal ghost-closet as a lollipop for the hustings. In reality, we need not fear it in the least. The essential point to grasp is, which Party is to expropriate the expropriaters—the State, in the wise State Socialism initiated in Germany by Bismarck, or the masses, with their Syndicalist methods of cataclysm, which is the negation of the negation.

Nor will it make much difference which Party is in office, though when the Tories come in (as they probably now soon will) the issues will be more accentuated and dangerous. Let the Tories start a policy of coercion such as Bismarck's famous anti-Socialist legislation, and we shall have in this country a Trade Union Socialism of the masses, supported by individualism and most of the talent of the country, precisely as has happened in Germany, only that here, owing to our absence of conscription and Philistinism, it will be far more powerful and vital. That is why a Tory Democracy is a mere political paradox. For the power of Labour is no longer in Parliament, as we find in Germany where the Proletariat representatives constitute nearly a third of the entire Reichstag. The power of Labour, politically, is the exact proportion of the economic pressure it is able to bring to bear upon capital, and so on the politicians and

the country generally. And its reason is very much that of the women, who also demand economic and political emancipation.

Humanly, there is nothing in this to cause alarm. The weakness in the situation lies in the waning force of authority and especially in that of the Government. As privilege has grown in the country, so has the authority of Westminster lessened. One notices that even in the growing meagreness of newspaper reports. The game of Party politics is no longer the all-important topic of the ordinary man's conversation. He sees a man who is not an aristocrat, not even by birth a country squire, tentatively leading the Tory Party, himself guided, instructed, explained, admonished, inspired, tutored and lectured nightly by Mr. Garvin in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, just as the real men's leaders tutor and direct Labour in Westminster. And very entertaining it is. All which, however, does not make for authority. On the other hand, there is the split in the Cabinet over women with the phenonemon of the Prime Minister introducing a Bill of which he publicly announces his disapproval. Indeed, analysing the political situation, one realises that the driving force of the House is now outside, that vast Labour upheavals take place to the surprise even of their Parliamentary representation, that it is wholly impossible to ascertain who is the authority in the Cabinet, whether there is any single authority, what Minister, in short, is responsible for what policy or initiative, whether it be Home Rule, the Suffrage Bill, Lord Haldane's visit to Germany, Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance bureaucracy or anything else, so multifarious is its mechanism, so Protean the incidence of its activity. Now the Chancellor is on top, " shaking the country to its foundations," as the evening Tory papers say ; now it is Mr. Churchill, bidding Germany take a year's shipbuilding holiday ; now Lord Haldane ; now the women seem to have it ; now the miners ; now the taxi-drivers ; now the great football match ; and presently it will be the boat race or a new Miracle in the *Mail* ; but nobody cares long what it is, for we are all learning the power of laughter, which, as Bergson says, is the social gesture of defence.

In a short time the great Liberal Government of all the talents will probably go out. That will not settle Labour in the very least. On the contrary, it will "precise" the issue, which in reality is not political but economic, the question being the privilege of the working classes to secure the best payment they can now as always. After all, these men are only making a career, as we all try to do, and very notably the politicians. Wages have not gone up concomitantly with the cost of living. We should remember that. The struggle between Labour and Capital is certain to grow wider and intenser, and if ever the working women of England get the vote, the problem will be far more critical. It is so in France, it is rapidly becoming so in Germany.

In all this, nowhere is the spirit of Christianity to be found. The Church plays practically no part in this economic evolution, which has quite driven out the doctrine of ideals and abstract theories for the necessitous materialism of ideas and their results. A man has either to work or play to-day, he can no longer do both, as in the good old times when the parson hunted three days a week and the House was a top-hatted club; moreover, the standard of both has risen. Inadvertence to push oneself to-day means failure, for this whole modern life of ours is push, application and self-assertion—which may well be one of the reasons why public schoolboys seem so often to flounder about in the after-work of life, whereas Alf from Manchester gets the job. It is no doubt the reason, too, why all millionaires started life without a penny, and nearly all inherited wealth gets so frivolously and misplacedly dissipated. Yet the world is not necessarily a worse place because of that. This England of ours is probably a far healthier one than the conservative, self-complacent, untried utopia before the Boer War, which led us with splendid rejuvenation into this Georgian era of quest and wrestle. We are to-day the most alive and go-ahead nation in Europe, with the exception of France, who, with her new-born patriotism, has swung herself back into the position of a first-class power.

But it is this ceaseless straining, scientific and economic, of the French that has restored the tricolor to its authority.

Since the decline of Papal and feudal authority in Italy and Spain a similar advance has taken place, because privilege has at last had its opportunity. The new spirit is abroad, powerful as religious fervour in the old days, and it has opened up vistas almost of magic possibility. From the year 1900, history will have to be written in a new way. In the place of kings, their wars and happenings, the achievements, discoveries, and victories of the individual will have to be recorded, the movements of labour, of economic upheavals and conditions, not the speeches of the Burke and Pitt of the day, but the flights of airmen, the inventions of scientists, the evolution of mankind towards a higher and saner civilisation. Dynasties, the Church, Parliament, princely feuds and marriages will play but a secondary part in the chronicle. The schoolboy of the year 2,000 will have to get up the data of the Egyptian pacification, Miss Pankhurst's Liberation War, the history of how men learnt to fly, the great Labour strifes, the long chain of discoveries, all the wonderful changes that are coming into the world, including, very possibly, civilisation's agreement in the matter of disarmament, or the tranformation of the State into a gigantic office of employment.

All the same, authority has to be maintained, as otherwise there would be chaos which leads nowhere. And that is the problem of statesmen. In disputes about the private laws of contract, involving national interests, the State will very soon have to make up its mind either to a neutrality which is dangerous, or to control, which is the expression of Socialism. As Law and Order are the two most cherished principles in our English life, authority assuredly there will have to be, enforcable, no matter if the rebels are Futurists or playwrights, women or the proletariat, and with the same constabulary penalties. That is of course axiomatic of all government. The thing to realise in these splendid times is that there must be government. That being so, the political party that makes up its mind the firmest will certainly win. The strong man, as we know, always wins.

Still we should not forget that the naughty boy generally turns out the better man. If so many of us are naughty

boys and girls to-day, well, it is a good sign for the future. At any rate, we in England are not asleep, as we were before the Krüger ultimatum. In all directions there palpitates the throb of actuality and effort, an Elizabethan England in its modern garb of democracy. The fossils and troglodites of the past generation are rubbing their eyes with dismay, no doubt. We have got beyond the Victorian pale to-day. We are real and very potent in the modern world. We are again gloriously and combatively young.

The Crisis in London Journalism

By R. A. Scott-James

THE newspaper habit has grown upon all of us till it has become inveterate. The cultivated gentleman who perused his *Times* or his *Morning Post*, the respectable Radical who read his *Daily News* or his *Chronicle* when it was priced at a penny, were joined in due course by the millions who could read and write and have a favourite journal of their own. The habit has communicated itself up and down the social scale; it has crept insidiously into the environment and the very vitality of the nation. There is scarcely a man or a woman in the most modestly assured position who does not begin his day with a perusal of the morning paper. It is with the workman when he travels by train or tram to his work, and it is replaced by the evening paper when he returns. It has insinuated itself into our culture, affording us the new material upon which to exercise such ideas as we may possess. For most of us our whole knowledge of public life, our information about foreign affairs, domestic politics, new books, drama, finance and social scandal is drawn from the Press. If we wish to inform ourselves about the taxes which it has been decided we are to pay, the theatres or concert-halls we are to visit, the arrival of ships, the price of stocks and shares, the hours of sunset and sunrise, we have recourse to the columns of our paper. It is the medium of exchange by which the nation shares its information, its ideas, its corporate or incorporate feeling. A man acts upon it, and counts upon it more than he counts upon his friends. It is a constant companion, a perpetual antidote to his culture, and, perhaps, confirmer of his prepossessions. Its influence upon him is that of a nagging, unavoidable, but ingratiating associate, and upon its *bona fides* his very existence may depend. If we agree that it is important to discriminate in the choice of books, I need not dwell upon the importance of discriminating in the choice of a journal, which is to provide us daily with the material of

intercourse, with a host of fleeting impressions, and with occasional violent shocks.

Perhaps most of us give no thought to these considerations, and accept the daily paper as a matter of course, just as we accept trains, and telegrams, and restaurants as a matter of course. In the choice of restaurants, it is true, we exercise some care; food enters the body, and has a speedy and noticeable effect upon our comfort and health, whereas the ideas which are thrust into the mind do not trouble us; for the revolution of the world is taking place gradually, not suddenly and dramatically. Many persons display such active feeling as they may entertain concerning the Press by expressions of contempt; they consistently use it and abuse it; their whole stock of current information is derived from it, but they continue to speak of the *Daily Liar*. In influential and polite circles, it is true, insufferable indignities are no longer heaped upon representatives of the Press. In such circles the value of publicity has been discovered; politicians are aware that the incessant pattering of ideas upon the heads of the public is like the pattering of rain which wears down rocks. To-day men of letters are compelled also to be journalists; Ministers write articles at the instigation of friendly editors, or under the bribe of big prices; great ladies have discovered that they can extend the theatre of their patronage by honourable appeals to the Press for charity and funds. The knowing ones of the world have learned that the Press is a manifold engine for moulding, controlling, reforming, degrading, cajoling, or coercing the public, whilst the great public reads its paper as it eats bread, without a thought of the mighty trick that is being played upon it.

Well or ill conducted, the Press at any and every time of its existence, collectively considered, cannot fail to be the outward manifestation and index of the ruling forces and influences in a nation. No fact of the most trivial order can be stated without the suggestion of an idea, and the journals of the world represent those facts and ideas which can be thrust upon and made acceptable to the impressionable millions of the world. When the class that cared to read was still small and for the most part aristocratic, the Press also was for the most part aristocratic (by which I do not mean erudite. Newspaper English,

eloquently ridiculed by De Quincey, was far worse a hundred years ago than it is to-day). In the 'sixties and 'seventies of the last century, when the newspaper public consisted mainly of respectable fathers of middle-class families, the penny papers assumed their traditional shape, with long leading articles, views soberly and solidly set forth, and ample law reports which the young girl was not allowed to peruse. To-day the newspaper has again changed and is changing. It has been transformed according to the rapid transformation in the life of the nation. It is not only that efficient postal services, telegrams, telephones, marconigrams, quick trains and steamers have completely revolutionised the news service and the means of circulating papers, bringing the whole world into the area of the day's survey, and a vast public within range of the breakfast delivery. But also the social centre of gravity has shifted; democracy for the first time in history looms before us dominant and partially vocal in a nation-state; it can read; it can be addressed; it can reveal tastes. Universal education, though it be only elementary, is the hall-mark of modern democracy. Its profound effect upon civilisation, for good or for ill, lay in the fact that *the masses were brought under the spell of the printed word.*

At the same time that the masses were thus exposed to the appeal of the journalist, they were also exposed to the exploitation of the man of business. Much as we may deplore, and rightly deplore, the poverty of the working classes and their disproportionate share in the wealth of the world, the fact remains that the poorer masses of the community are the most important spenders of money. For them and their infinite variety of needs the man of business caters. When we say that this is a commercial age we do not mean that the men of commerce are more greedy than their predecessors; but that there are more of them; that all our needs are satisfied through the medium of commerce: that our needs have multiplied; that the methods by which our tastes are studied and encouraged, by which we are enticed and cajoled by competing caterers with their various goods and blandishments, have become necessarily more evident and blatant owing to the fact that this community which is catered for is vast, scattered, various, incalculable and credulous. The producer does

not know his consumer, so he trumpets his wares on the housetops in order to make contact with his special and scattered public.

The universal providers of the new commerce, the ingenious middlemen in search of a market, would indeed have been dull if they had not scented a new trail in the arrival of elementary education, and a public that could *read*. No matter *what* or *why* it read, no matter the quality or substance of the brain that could be affected by words—there was a public that could spell out words, that had tastes, appetites, passions, desires, even ambitions of its own, and, above all, half pence to lose in the extravagant hope of attaining a new sensation. There were men and women, millions of them, who could read, millions of men and women mostly dissatisfied with the gift of life. What more inevitable than that commerce, in the natural course of its evolution, should find here a new outlet for activity, a new want, an aspiration if you like, which its ingenuity could satisfy—and with profit.

I say it was inevitable. Alfred Harmsworth, with his halfpenny Press, was no more than a brilliant instrument of Fate, the superb embodiment of the inexorable logic of fact. The Americans, who have been through two thousand years of civilisation in a couple of centuries, may be said to encounter ten incidents to every one of the Englishman. In the thirty years following the Civil War they reached a stage in their industrial revolution which Englishmen only attained after a century sufficiently hurried and kaleidoscopic. Their commercial genius saw in the uneducated man who could spell a golden harvest for literate enterprise; and instantly the magical hand of the dollar millionaire conjured up a Yellow Press out of nothing. The Harmsworths did no more than quicken the blood of the slow-pulsed Englishman with a halfpenny patent medicine invented in America and uproariously advertised in England.

If there were any doubt as to the fact that the journalistic change cleverly effected by the *Daily Mail* in England was inevitable in one form or another, it is only necessary to consider the parallel case of book-publishing, where no master-hand like that of Harmsworth has yet made its appearance. English publishers as a class are slow and dull-witted. There are, of course, exceptions,

but for the most part they represent a weak compromise between the practical man of business and the unpractical man of letters, comprising the defects of both without the genius of either. Nevertheless, being business men according to their lights, they could not fail to respond in some measure to the prevalent laws of supply and demand. They could not fail to observe that the old system of accepting books exclusively in accordance with the literary taste of their accomplished "readers" no longer afforded the highest returns. That system served well enough when the public was limited, well-to-do, leisured, and fairly educated; the taste of a conventional publisher's reader corresponded to the taste of the conventional upper and middle-class public. But when to the thousands of old-fashioned readers were added the new millions who had been taught to read, and the intellectual emancipation of women added a yet vaster multitude of female and more leisured literates, it was obvious that a less exacting standard of thought and style, and a more exacting dose of sensation and sentimentalism, must be taken into account in the publisher's repertoire. The change did, indeed, very speedily make itself felt, and in the last fifteen or twenty years most manifestly. Dozens of new publishing houses sprang into existence to supply this new demand. The price of individual copies of books fell, as was only natural when so enormous a public was being fed. The inferior books came to outnumber the good in precisely the same proportion as it was a crude public that was being satisfied rather than an intelligent and intellectually scrupulous public. The publisher then encountered the difficulty that confronts the seller of patent medicines; he no longer caters for a single book-reading public; for each book that he issues he has to win his way to that particular class, hidden amongst the mass of readers, which wants that particular book. Thus it is that he naturally elects for the most considerable and easily-found public, which requires the popular novel, the popular *chronique-scandaleuse*, and the popular volume of notorious theology. And, as he goes on catering for these classes, he actually creates a taste for the spurious literature which, no doubt much against the grain, he continues to disseminate. There is, however, this important point which must be noticed. Inasmuch as there is still a considerable

public which requires good literature, it is still profitable as well as creditable to every publisher to issue good books by authors sufficiently distinguished, or otherwise sufficiently fortunate, to make the publication of their books a known event for those interested in good literature. In other words, it is still profitable—as well as creditable—to a publisher to issue a certain number of good books. The fact is forced upon his attention that the public is various.

The object-lesson taught by the American Yellow Press had its effect upon England at the close of the nineteenth century. Papers, designed to appeal to the million, were founded and set upon a frankly commercial basis. By this, I do not mean that the pre-existent papers were not run upon sound commercial lines. On the contrary, most of the great penny papers of the later Victorian era enjoyed extraordinary prosperity. Their prosperity gave them freedom. The journalists who wrote for them remained constant to political principles and were able to speak from their convictions; the critic was free; the advertiser had no terrors. But the new Press was quite candidly a commercial concern from beginning to end; only the market was to be considered. A paper was to be manufactured, advertised and circulated precisely as if it were a box of biscuits or a patent foot-warmer. It was to be prepared exclusively for the market; it was not to be offered in a "take-it-or-leave-it" spirit, but it was to be modified, turned about, if necessary revolutionised, in just such a manner as would best adjust it to the popular appetite.

At first the halfpenny paper made its bid for circulation, and circulation alone, for that was the indispensable basis of profit from advertisements. It set itself to ignore the small, well-educated public, and to appeal to hundreds of thousands of overworked clerks and working men, and to the majority of the rich whose intellectual requirements are no higher. It abolished the long and carefully elaborated leading article. It found no room for full reports of speeches, being content to quote short and sensational passages. It did not present complete and carefully guarded statements of correspondents who might aim rather at exactness than excitement. It no longer published reviews of books, but gave "gutting" notices of a few works which were supposed to have popular "news" value. Anything

which would readily catch the eye or attract the attention of tired minds, anything which might afford a momentary sensation, a tickling of the jaded palate, anything arresting, any false alarm, or scandal, or morbid suggestion, or interesting freakishness, all such things were to have their place. This was to be a sort of "Barnum-and-Bailey show." The public was to be distracted from the horror of thinking, to be given respite from *ennui*. It was supposed that while it wants to know something about what is going on in the world, it requires no more than the ghost of an impression of truth, or, at the most, that somebody should relieve it of the trouble of sucking the juice out of the facts. Well, the halfpenny Press could suck the juice out of facts and serve up the daily dish. It could compel attention for a moment, it could terrify and soothe, it could send its readers through the whole gamut of emotions and leave them unexhausted.

This was the first stage of the popular Press. We shall soon see why it could not be the last. But first it is necessary to notice the loss in freedom, power and prestige which the whole Press of the country suffered, first through the increasing influence of advertisement interests, and secondly through that imitative, conventional, narrowly professional habit which tends to make all journalists follow blindly the imitator of the latest journalistic success. I need not dwell upon the well-known fact that newspapers to-day do not make their profits out of circulation, but from the highly-paid advertisements which are inserted in their columns, which are more numerous and more highly paid according to the extent of the circulation. In principle, there is no objection to this system. The newspaper is a legitimate medium of communication; and it is perfectly reasonable that the advertiser who is brought into touch with the public should pay his contribution to the expenses, and reduce the price at which the public is permitted to read. But in practice how does it work out? In every newspaper office there are three main departments besides the printing department—the editorial, publishing and advertisement departments. Let us first confine our attention to the purely commercial newspaper, to those managements which conduct newspapers quite frankly as business concerns, and with a view to profit. It

is obvious that the dominant influence in this purely commercial office will belong to that department from which the greatest profits of the paper accrue--that is to say, the advertisement department. Every journalist knows that there are offices in London in which the editorial department has to play second fiddle to the advertisement department. It is not only that the amount of space available for news is dependent every day upon the number of advertisements which are to be inserted (that may reasonably be regarded as inevitable). But sometimes copy written up by advertisers, occupying space paid for at advertisement rates, is inserted in such a manner that the public does not distinguish it from ordinary news. Still more insidious is the enormously growing practice by which advertisers make terms with the advertisement manager of a paper for the insertion of so many columns or half columns of advertisements, on the explicit understanding that editorial puffs should appear in another part of the paper on the same day. So widely has this practice come to be accepted even by self-respecting journalists, that publishers of books have been encouraged to expect that if they advertise extensively in any given paper, they have a right to demand specially favourable treatment from reviewers. As an inevitable result the public begins to lose confidence in statements of fact instigated by interested persons, or in opinions which they believe can be bought and sold. In some papers a criticism of motor cars or a review of a book would have no weight whatever with the very public interested in such matters unless it bore the hall-mark of some well-known and trusted signature.

Nevertheless the purely commercial halfpenny paper which lives upon sensation, is justified from its own commercial point of view. Just as publishers have created a widespread taste for inferior fiction and scandal books, so has a certain sort of paper created a public, a very large public, which reads it for distraction, which does not demand ideas, which does not care about exact evidence, which requires no more than a flavour in the written word as it requires salt with its mutton chop. An opinion pronounced is not weighed; it does not sink in. It is not for the clinching facts, for the solid material of judgment, that such a paper is read. It is not really read; it is skimmed. The impression is not sufficiently sustained to create a conviction of

fact; attention is not sufficiently riveted to make judgment possible. Here there is no basis for "public opinion"; the paper from day to day presents a floating, ever-changing phantasmagoria, dimly corresponding to the pulpy surface of the mind for which it is manufactured. A constantly repeated advertisement may prove effective. If a vacuous mind is presented sufficiently often with the words X.'s pills, the name "X.'s pills" will stand out imaged in the brain like the recurrent episode of a nightmare; and if a pill is required, the owner of that mind goes to a chemist's shop and purchases the little box which has been photographed on his somnambulistic intelligence. In such a paper it is profitable to advertise pills. But it is not profitable to advertise *ideas*. The word "Tariff Reform" may be repeated twenty thousand times; and the upshot is that the casual reader has queer dreams, in which he is no more likely to see "Tariff Reform" as a beatific vision than as an inexpressibly horrible goblin. (See the Tariff Reform Press, 1906, 1910, 1911 *passim*. Result, Parliamentary majority for Free Trade.)

But the case of the newspaper which is not ostensibly a purely commercial venture presents a different problem. I have said that it has lost freedom, power and prestige not only through insidious advertisement interests, but also from an imitative, conventional, narrowly professional habit. There are papers which exist to promote certain political principles, which may be financially backed by men of unimpeachable earnestness; which may be edited by men of humane ideas. Such a paper is thrust into competition with its popular commercial rivals. In the heart of its organisation the observer may see dual motives, dual influences. On the one hand it is fighting for its ideas, its politics or its fads; on the other hand it is fighting to survive as a commercial venture on an equality with its purely commercial rivals. The principled element within it is for ever at variance with the commercial, and it is ten to one that the commercial element will win the day. Even so, it will be hampered in the open market. It is not so clever at commerce as the frankly commercial paper; in that line it is a second best populariser and imitator. It develops an *a priori* theory as to what the public wants; a theory based upon the opinion, not of the public, but of

other journalists. What one newspaper discusses must always be discussed by other newspapers. If one publishes an uninteresting, but exclusive, item of news, the others think they have lost a good "scoop," and probably get up an "interview" on the subject. It has frequently happened that one news editor has discarded certain information as unimportant, and the next day, dismayed at discovering that another journal has used it, has renounced his former judgment, raked up subsidiary facts, and with his sheep-like contemporaries entered the journalistic conspiracy to run an insignificant nine days' wonder. The interest was purely factitious. It existed only among journalists. But because one of them thought the subject worth booming, all the others felt bound to inflict the burden of it upon the public.

Now the Press, which is only semi-commercial, is especially hampered by this imitativeness, by this habit of following the interests of the conventional journalist rather than the interests of the public. For being pressed into competition with the wholly commercial Press it follows its lead in those matters which pertain to its commercialism. It begins to print advertisements in the form of news. It proceeds to gratify the advertiser by adding apparently harmless editorial praise of his wares. It even brings pressure to bear on its critics to give—"if possible" and "on the whole"—most attention to the books and productions of publishers and theatrical managers who are the best advertisers. In other words, a paper the readers of which are not concerned with its principles and ideas, is held up as a model for another paper which, without its claim to principles and ideas, would not be read at all.

This lamentable misapprehension, inspired by managers who, in some cases, combine philanthropic aspirations with the crudest commercial instincts, is responsible for the suicide recklessly permitted in London journalism. It is the initial failure of the imagination to perceive that the democracy has all the variety of the human race; that it is not all of one complexion; that the readers of the *Daily Herald* are not the same people as the readers of the *Daily Mercury*. For example: in the *Daily Herald* it may be impossible to persuade even a small minority of its public to pay attention to reviews of books; but in the *Daily Mercury* there may be a considerable minority which

demands reviews. For the *Daily Herald* it would be profitable to truckle to the purveyors of books who might be unwise enough to advertise in its columns. For the *Daily Mercury* it would be mistaken policy as well as bad morals. The publishers of books being human, will, of course, press for favourable reviews if a little pressure will produce them; but in the long run they learn that it is profitable to advertise in a paper which has literary prestige and a reputation for fair judgment—in the paper which does not sell its soul for every five-guinea advertisement. I am acquainted with the circumstances of a journal which resisted such advances as publishers are generally encouraged to make. It endeavoured to review books solely according to their merits, and in four years the publishers' advertisements, already at a fairly high level, increased by about 50 per cent. There are circumstances under which even the common honesty of truth-telling may be made to pay.

It is this imitativeness on the part of journalists, this tendency of managers to accept a valuation of the public made by those who were only concerned with the stupidest part of it, that has precipitated the existing crisis in London journalism. Does anyone doubt that its condition is critical? Let the reader ask any one of his journalistic friends to go over the list of London daily papers, and he will find that nearly half of them exist upon a thoroughly unsound financial basis; or, if he excludes the halfpenny evening papers, which mainly depend upon betting news, and those illustrated morning papers which are only taken for their pictures, he will find that two-thirds of the daily journals are in this unsound position. It would be safe to say that about half of those engaged in writing for the London daily Press belong to institutions which only exist on the goodwill of proprietors disposed to lose money every year; which continue only under the constant threat of dissolution; and in the vain effort to remedy this unsoundness are drawn into a sordid traffic, disgusting to the souls of self-respecting persons. The Press becomes slavish wherever there is a possible profit at stake. It erects into a superstition the mere name of a great company, a rich firm, an individual capitalist, for to slight wealth is to run the remote risk of libel or to lose the chance of a profitable advertise-

ment. How many papers during the recent great strike have told the truth about some of the railway companies —that though they were amply provided with coal they were needlessly holding up trains with a view to strike profits? Journalists knew this, but none of them dared to tell the truth. Such are the conditions under which "gentlemen of the Press" are compelled to work! That is to say, the very power which disseminates information and ideas throughout the whole country, which is inevitably accepted as a reflection of the total life and progressive development of the nation, which can overthrow governments, and produce wars and revolutions, is itself at every moment of its existence on the edge of a precipice.

This failure of one half of the Press is due, as I maintain, to the prevalence of a false view about the great public —the view that it is all of one complexion. Which are the really successful papers? There are two which have come right through the period of journalistic change without considerably altering their character, which cater now as they have always catered, for respectable, conventional citizens, or for rich, fashionable persons and those who wish to be thought rich and fashionable. Both have a sound "City" connection. Both are stable, but not to be imitated. The other successful papers are those which I have described, which set out with frankly commercial objects to capture the million, and did in fact capture what I may call the appetitive class of the community. That class they can hold. None can handle it so skilfully, none can vie with them in satisfying its wants.

And what about the remaining half of the Press, which, in many cases, makes a show of principles, bids for popularity, and has been drawn into traffic with the accursed thing? It has made the mistake of aiming at the very public which only the completely Yellow Press can capture. I maintain that in so doing it has underestimated, insulted and alienated the public; it has lost golden opportunities. It has followed a false commercial instinct in despising the commercial value of decency. We come back to the point at which we started. When every man and woman in the country grew up knowing how to read and write, it was inevitable that most of the newspapers should address themselves to the million. It was as right as it was inevitable that such

newspapers should seek to establish themselves on a sound commercial basis. The pioneers succeeded. With perfect consistency they sought out the legendary stupid man in the street who actually happened to exist, and still exists; papers still thrive upon him. But he was not the whole of the multitude, he is only a part of it, and probably a dwindling part. In proof of this I turn again to the parallel of book publishing. Messrs. Dent have sold copies of books in their series of English classics literally by the million. Messrs. Nelson publish a series of modern books of the highest class, and each of these is issued in a first edition never containing less than 50,000 copies. "The Home University Library," an admirable set of books, written by experts, is meeting with extraordinary popular success. A dozen other publishers again and again issue standard works at a price which is only remunerative because tens of thousands of copies are sold.

Here, at least, we have a tangible result of elementary education, a result which the journalist cannot afford to ignore—hundreds of thousands of people reading standard English literature, eager for knowledge, groping after something which may widen their mental scope. The journalist, or the manager who controls the pens of journalists, thinks he can feed these people with the pap invented for the mental and moral idiots who unfortunately are still abundant. In the manufacturing districts of England there is a great working-class public which reads and buys, and would certainly be willing to pay a penny or a halfpenny for some other kind of newspaper than that which is offered. It is true the journalist must be prepared to address this various public with simplicity and vigour. He must both give them news about the affairs in which all of them are interested and give them news about the affairs in which only some of them are interested. His paper must be broad and catholic; but it may also be individual and personal. The public he addresses consists of men and women; and there are men and women of all sorts. It is open to him to appeal exclusively to the appetitive side of human nature; but if he ignores the idealistic side he does so at his peril. He need not fear the advertisers, for the vendors of goods will advertise in that paper which brings the best returns. For the journalist who will act upon a

conviction that his public is not wholly stupid or despicable, there is an unequalled opportunity.

And he will be also on the winning side. Elementary education is still on its trial. It has not borne those Utopian results which were once expected, but it has borne some fruit. When education, though still diluted by some inevitable element of humbug, has been improved, as it will be, and more widely administered, the real democracy will begin to raise its head. He must needs be a hardened pessimist who holds that the men of the people are no more instructed to-day than they were forty years ago. If there is still hope of the enlightenment of the multitude—and even the least atom of enlightenment will count—there is still hope for the future of popular journalism.

I may add one word. There is a certain halfpenny paper which is supposed to be the leading spirit in the English Yellow Press. It is not without significance that every month, almost every day, this prosperous journal grows less "yellow." It presents news in a more continuous form; it is less afraid of those facts which are related to ideas; it is actually showing signs of respect for its hydra-headed public.

It would be impossible to emphasise too strongly the fact that the most popular organ in England has in recent years tended to become more sober, more accurate, more sustained in its presentment of news, more catholic in its estimate of the questions which count. From first to last there has been something like genius behind it. All that was to be gained by sheer sensationalism it gained, and when it discovered that something more than sheer sensationalism was required it had the wit to adapt itself to something better. I have called it the commercial Press in terms which may seem contemptuous, but, in conclusion, it seems that I have been forced to vindicate the dignity of commerce.

Perhaps the Press which has become semi-commercialised on the one side and remains semi-idealised on the other, will some day learn that if it is to remain harmless as a dove it will do well also to study the wisdom of the serpent.

Military and Naval Aviation

By C. G. Grey

(Editor of "The Aeroplane.")

It must be now accepted as a fact that aviation is to play an enormously important part in all warfare of the future, so it may be well, before going into the uses of warplanes, to consider the relative strengths of the aerial forces of the four great European Powers.

In numbers and training France is obviously far ahead of any other nation; her military Budget for the forthcoming year includes twenty-two millions of francs for military aviation, exclusive of 100,000 francs for experiments in naval aviation. At the present moment France possesses over 200 military aeroplanes, mostly of quite modern type, and it is the firm intention of the French military authorities, backed by a wave of national enthusiasm, to acquire between 500 and 1,000 by the beginning of 1913. The French civilian aviation schools have each a military section, where military pilots are being pushed through their certificate course at the rate of three or four a day whenever the weather permits, and altogether France is in a very sound position, except for the lack of thoroughness in detail, which is the fatal defect in all French work.

Some distance behind comes Germany, who, at the present moment, probably does not possess more than 100 military aeroplanes; but five or six big military aviation schools have been opened, and Germany's openly-avowed intention is to have over 100 military pilots early in the spring, though a well-informed Frenchman, who had recently returned from Germany, assures me that Germany already has as many, but conceals the fact, and a friend, who was in the firm's works a month ago, tells me that the Rumpler-Etrich firm alone has orders in hand for 68 aeroplanes for the Army. The German War Budget for next year includes a sum of £740,000 (not marks) for military aviation, and it is safe to

reckon that with that sum at its disposal the German Army will have considerably over 500 thoroughly up-to-date war-planes by next autumn. It is interesting to note that the German vote was originally £640,000, and that a further £100,000 was added immediately the French vote was passed.

Russia, although her military aviation is only now being properly organised, already possesses forty or fifty military aeroplanes, with presumably as many pilots, and vast sums have been voted for next year's military aviation.

The fourth great Power is Great Britain. In this country last year the sum of £135,000 was voted for military aeronautics. I use the word "aeronautics" advisedly, because practically all of it has been spent on dirigibles and on equipment for the Army Aircraft Factory. It is shown in the Estimates, published at the end of February, that, in addition, a sum of £7,300, taken out of the vote for Military Buildings has been spent in one lump, simply in enlarging one of the balloon sheds at Farnborough, in order to accommodate a large dirigible which has never materialised, and that a further £15,000 was spent on a new shed for dirigibles. But a very small sum indeed was spent on the actual purchase of aeroplanes.

Colonel Seely, the Under Secretary of State for War, recently announced in the House of Commons that the British Army possessed at that moment twelve "effective" aeroplanes, but it should be noted that there is a big difference between an "effective" aeroplane an "efficient" one. The twelve machines mentioned included, I understand, seven biplanes of the type known to aviators as "box-kites." These particular machines are excellent of their kind, and may be good enough for the training of pupils, but they are of that dangerous type which has the engine behind, and absolutely lack natural stability. In these days such machines cannot compete with up-to-date military aeroplanes, which are from twenty to fifty miles an hour faster, are very much easier to transport, and are infinitely safer for pilot and passenger if there is any wind blowing. Yet, at the time of writing, only about half a dozen modern aeroplanes have been ordered by the War Office, and none of them can possibly be acquired before the end of April, at the earliest.

Of the five remaining machines mentioned by Colonel Seely, two are old biplanes of a type somewhat similar to the "box-kites" mentioned above, and one is an old Blériot monoplane, which has been very much broken and repaired, and can scarcely be called fit for a modern campaign.

The other two are French-built machines—a Bréguet biplane, which is not as fast as several modern British monoplanes, and can, even now, only be flown by one officer in the British Army; and a Nieuport monoplane which is the one up-to-date foreign machine at present belonging to this country; this also can only be flown by one officer. To these must be added a second-hand Deperdussin monoplane and a new Bristol monoplane out of the three on order at the time of Colonel Seely's statement, the last-named being the most modern of the fleet.

This position can scarcely be regarded as satisfactory from any point of view.

The Lessons of Last Year's Manœuvres.

It is, however, when one comes to the Army manœuvres of last year that one sees the astounding difference between the powers. The French aerial manœuvres practically began in April of 1911, when a group of six officers flew from Pau to Paris in a flock. In June and July a number of other officers carried out practice in reconnaissance all along the French frontier from Calais practically to Switzerland, covering altogether over 1,000 kilometres of frontier line. It is said that, unofficially, a number of these officers flew far into Germany, so as to get to know the lie of the land on the German side of the frontier, but, of course, these performances have been kept carefully from public confirmation.

The French grand manœuvres took place in September, when the 6th and 7th Army Corps were at work in the North-East corner of France. On this occasion no less than forty-seven aeroplanes were in use, each with its own pilot, and eight staff officers were attached as observers. Out of the forty-seven pilots twenty were civilians; but it must be remembered that the French civilian is a trained soldier who has served his time in the Army, and is used to military discipline.

Although such an enormous number of machines and pilots were at work, the only casuality the whole time was the death of M. de Niéport, commonly called Nieuport, and even he need not have had any accident, but for the fact that after a long and tiring cross-country flight he went up again in a very bad wind to give an exhibition flight, simply to please a general who, strange as it may seem in a French officer, had never seen a Nieuport machine flying. As a matter of fact, M. Nieuport's was from several points of view a wholly avoidable accident.

As regards Germany, her manœuvres took place before the German aeroplane fleet began to develop properly. I learn, in fact, that they were the direct cause of Germany's sudden activity in aviation. The story, from German sources, has it that, as is usual on grand manœuvres, everything was carefully arranged that one side, which included the crack regiments and most favoured generals, should win; but, unfortunately for the arrangements, the general who had been preordained to lose happened to have attached to him two or three very clever military aviators, and with their aid he was able to follow every move of the opposing forces and checkmate them, so that in the result the umpires were compelled to adjudge the victory to the forces which were not supposed to win. This result so startled the German General Staff that the present active aeroplane campaign was promptly taken in hand.

Even little Roumania was able to turn out six military aviators on manœuvres last autumn, and they all did excellent work.

So far as England is concerned, there were no grand manœuvres during 1911, the ostensible reason being that owing to the hot summer it would be unkind to the men and horses. As a matter of fact it is generally believed in the Service that we were so near war with Germany that all our troops were kept concentrated ready for full mobilisation at a moment's notice.

Still, some small manœuvres were arranged in the Eastern counties, and our available air fleet, at the moment, consisting of two Bristol biplanes of ancient design and one elderly Blériot monoplane, started from Salisbury Plain to get there. Two machines arrived, one of the biplanes being caught in a storm, capsized, and destroyed on the way there.

These manœuvres were also cancelled, so nothing was really done, and the Blériot machine was broken up at Hendon on its way back. Consequently, one machine only survived.

These few examples will probably give a fairly good idea of the relative positions of the chief European countries in military aviation.

The war in Tripoli has recently given us practical examples of the value of aeroplanes, and, as a result, Italy has to-day about forty aeroplanes in Tripoli, and thirty or forty more on order from France, besides a few ordered from an English firm. Further, the latest Italian programme is the possession of 300 aeroplanes during 1912.

Turkey has also ordered a number of machines from France, and I am told on fairly good authority that she has actually three or four machines in Tripoli, but has no pilots or petrol for them. I know, however, that certain pilots, both French and British, have been negotiating with the Turkish Embassies in various countries, in the hopes of handling these machines.

The belief in military aeroplanes which exists on the Continent was shown by M. Messimy, until recently the French Minister of War, who said publicly that he could foresee the time when every regiment of artillery would have an aeroplane section attached to it.

The Question of Type.

Having admitted the necessity for military aeroplanes, the question then arises as to what is the best type of machine for military work. The War Office issued, some months ago, the conditions for a competition for cash prizes organised to discover the "best type" of military aeroplane. Several writers have sneered at the officials because the said writers imagined that the best type of military aeroplane had been already discovered in the French military trials held last October. I should like to point out, however, that those French trials were not instituted to find out the best all-round military machine, but were organised simply and solely to discover the best type of weight-carrying aeroplane for a certain specific purpose.

It appears that the only thing the French fear in case of war with Germany is that the German dirigibles, which are stationed along the frontier, will come across the border

on the first day of the war and manage to blow up the magazines in the French frontier fortresses. To prevent this the French have now, thanks to these trials, evolved a big fast aeroplane capable of carrying a pilot, a bomb-dropper, and the weight of a third passenger in explosives. A fleet of this type of machine is now to be stationed along the North-Eastern frontier of France, and half an hour after war is declared the whole fleet will be across the frontier dropping bombs on the German dirigible sheds. If there should be any wind it will be all to the advantage of the aeroplanes, because these machines have already proved that they can fly in half a gale, and anything like such a wind would prevent the dirigibles from coming out of their sheds, so that the sheds and dirigibles could, in such a case, be blown up together.

It is not, however, in the least likely that such large, cumbersome, powerful, and expensive machines will be at all necessary for ordinary scouting work. As a matter of fact, there are many British-built monoplanes which are capable of doing sixty miles an hour with pilot and passenger, using only a 50 h.p. engine, and these in time will be improved so that they will give greater speed without needing any more power. This two-seater type is that most favoured by practical aviators in the British Army.

Besides the two-seaters, which will each carry a staff officer as observer, there will be also a number of single-seaters built for extremely high speeds, and used either for very dangerous scouting work, for carrying dispatches as rapidly as possible, for strategic scouting over long distances, or for destroying the larger and slower machines, which can be done either by the pilot carrying a magazine pistol, or, if the other machine should be sufficiently slow in comparison, the pilot of the faster machine can simply dive across in front of the slower one and upset it with his own "wash."

That I have stated facts is proved by the large orders for fast single-seaters, which were placed by the French War Office while the trials for the big heavy machines were still in progress, upwards of 100 machines having been ordered in the time.

My friend, Mr. Collyns Pizey, who is one our best biplane flyers, is of the opinion that a really good pilot on a comparatively slow machine could escape from a very fast

machine simply because he could dodge and turn so much more quickly, the mere speed of the faster machine forcing it to take a larger circle. This is probably quite true, but he would only be able to escape by dodging and descending as quickly as possible, which, of course, is not what one wants one's air scouts to do.

In this country we certainly need a certain number of the big machines, because they would be extremely useful as bomb-droppers for the purpose of destroying collections of stores, ammunition trains, and so forth, and they could also be used for observations of long duration, carrying a wireless apparatus in place of the third passenger on board.

It is also possible that a fourth type of machine may be evolved which will carry four or five people, and will be used in flocks to transport comparatively small detachments of troops at the greatest possible speed direct across country to capture and hold important points until supports arrive. I fancy this type of machine is not likely to be evolved as a regular part of military equipment for some considerable time, though Mr. S. F. Cody, our pioneer aviator, designer, and constructor — all in one — has a five-seated machine which does almost seventy miles an hour, and exactly fulfils the requirements for such a purpose.

Yet another probable type of machine—in fact, a type which has been produced by M. Blériot—is one primarily designed for light, fast scouting work in rough country, chiefly to operate in conjunction with artillery. It might also be used to co-operate with cavalry patrols. Such a machine would be a little light affair about the size of the smallest Nieuport, but fitted with a more powerful engine. The wings would be made to detach rapidly and fold along the sides, and the whole machine would be carried on a fast motor waggon. This waggon itself might, for use in an enclosed country such as this, be fitted with folding rails, which, when it was desired to launch the machine, would be extended on trestles behind the waggon, and the waggon itself would include some form of mechanical launching apparatus.

The Air Scouts' Chances.

It has recently been said by an officer on the General Staff of the War Office that military air scouts need a

special form of heroism. It is rather hard to see why this is so. An aeroplane in the air is an exceedingly hard thing to hit. The speed is great, the area at a height of say 1,000 to 2,000 feet is exceedingly small, and an experienced gunner officer tells me that aeroplane shooting with artillery would be something like shooting pheasants with a rifle. Of course, the air scout must come down low occasionally to inspect details of ground or defences, and in such cases he certainly is liable to damage. It ought, however, to be quite possible to protect the pilot, engine, and the actual control gear against rifle fire with steel plates, which, if not actually bullet-proof, would, at any rate, act as deflectors if hit from below. Apart from these few vulnerable points, one could put a dozen bullets or more through an aeroplane without doing serious harm.

Some time ago I asked a British officer, who is an exceedingly fine flier, whether he thought extra heroism was really needed, and suggested to him that the air scout needed less heroism than a cavalry scout who might be shot from behind a hedge at any moment, or an infantry officer who has to walk up and down behind his men when they are lying under fire. He said that, at any rate, the cavalryman or infantryman might be hit and put out of action without being seriously hurt, but that if an air scout was once hit he would be finished.

Against this argument there is the fact that if a cavalry scout is hit and falls off his horse on to his head he will break his neck just as effectually as if he fell out of an aeroplane, and that on the other hand, if an aeroplane is properly designed, and the pilot should be hit so as to become unconscious, the aeroplane ought to go on flying till the engine stops, and should then glide down of its own accord, the only risk being that it may smash up against some obstruction when it is actually landing. Even then, if the machine is well constructed, and if the pilot is properly protected by padding in the body of the machine it ought to be able to charge into a wall without killing the man inside.

Such machines do not exist at the present moment, but when military aviation is placed on a proper footing, such machines certainly will be produced, for it is only a question of money for experiments. Even as they are to-day,

machines do manage to reach the ground absolutely out of control without damaging the pilot particularly, as, for example, when Lieutenant Reynolds' biplane turned upside-down when struck by a sudden storm and came down with the top plane underneath. This machine came down from a height of some 4,000 feet, and two or three weeks' afterwards Mr. Reynolds was flying again as happily as ever.

The Need for Men and Machines.

In an interesting lecture given recently at the Royal United Services Institute, Captain Burke, of the Royal Irish Regiment, who is one of the best flyers in the air corps, gave it as his opinion that in any modern war all the best pilots on each side would be killed or wounded in the first day or two of the war, and that the country which had the most pilots would finally have the command of the air. Without going so far as to agree with him that all the pilots on one side would be put out of action in the first few days, it is perfectly true that the nation which possesses the biggest air corps will, other things being equal, have the command of the air and earth as well. In any case it is evident that every country with any pretence to military power in these days must have air scouts in large numbers and machines to mount them.

Anyone who knows anything about aviation knows perfectly well that one pilot can smash up practically any number of mounts without being seriously damaged himself, whereas, on the other hand, it is scarcely possible for a machine to kill a pilot without being irretrievably damaged itself. Consequently, one may assume that in time of war we should need about three aeroplanes for each pilot; in fact, the cavalry remount difficulty will be nothing compared with the aeroplane remount problem.

At the present moment the British War Office talks of having precisely 131 aeroplanes, evidently under the impression that these will suffice for the 180 officer-pilots, whom it is the War Office policy to procure. As a matter of fact, the 180 pilots will have to be increased to nearer 500 than 200 in the next twelve months, and they will need at the very least 600 machines, and by the end of the following year another 1,000 will be needed. It is the avowed intention of France to have 1,000 machines by the

end of 1912, although their present estimate is only for about 300 new machines, and one may be pretty sure that Germany will have a similar number. Consequently 600 is a very moderate estimate for England.

The Question of Cost.

The question of the cost of military aeroplanes then arises. At the present moment the price of a respectable military machine is anything between £700 and £1,500, but obviously if a 100 were ordered from one firm they could be bought even now at £400 or so. The chief reason for the present absurd price of aeroplanes is the cost of the engine, which seems to be based on the cost of the well-known Gnôme rotary engine. The ordinary price of this engine is £350 to buy, but any modern engineering firm would be pleased to build it and sell it at £125, provided they could put in hand a hundred at a time. The actual aeroplane part of the machine costs very little as compared with the engine, and consequently an enormous air fleet of something like 2,000 machines could be got for half-a-million pounds.

When the time comes that manufacturers are turning out machines in quantities for war purposes, then the sporting aeroplane will become a practical article of commerce, for with the manufacturing facilities then existing, an ordinary three-cylinder air-cooled engine of 35-h.p., which now costs £150 to buy will cost about £50, so even allowing £70 for the building of the machine and £80 for advertising and profit, it will be possible to buy a very nice light sporting machine for £200, a price within the means of the class of man who hunts and shoots. And it must be remembered that we are rapidly producing a class of well-to-do town-bred sportsmen who are not brought up among horses and dogs, and for whom the family chauffeur occupies the place as the friend of their youth held in a previous generation among the land-holding class by the family coachman. This type of man loves engines, and all that appertains thereto, and will provide not only the sporting aviator, but the naval and military air-scout.

The Effect of Air-Scouting.

However, to return to the purely military aspect of

aeroplaning, it is worth while to consider its effect in action. Captain Burke, in his lecture at the United Services Institute already quoted, drew particular attention to the difference between the French and German methods of conducting a war. The German system is to attack on a wide front and close in on the enemy; the French system is to send out a strong advanced guard which comes in contact with the enemy and stops their advance, while the main army concentrates on what is found by scouts to be the weakest part of the enemy's line. Under such conditions obviously aeroplanes would be of the greatest advantage to the French, or any other army attacking under similar conditions, because the commander-in-chief, provided he possessed sufficient aeroplane scouts, would be fully cognisant of the disposition of the enemy's forces, and could concentrate on their weak points with certainty, so destroying what is known in military language as the "fog of war."

The Aeroplane as a Weapon.

As regards the value of the aeroplane as a weapon as distinct from a scouting machine it is yet rather early to speak. In Tripoli the bomb-dropping Italian aeroplanes have had considerable moral effect, though I am told by a doctor, who recently returned from the front, that most of the bombs buried themselves in the sand without bursting. Obviously, the destructive effect of each machine must be small, as no machine could very well carry more than, say, 100 to 150 lbs. weight of explosives; but it must be remembered that when once they are being made in quantities, machines will be so cheap that an immense number can be used. For example, in the case of a fleet or an army wishing to damage a town hidden by hills, it would be possible for them to send out a couple of hundred machines, each carrying, say, 100 lbs. weight of explosives, so that the aggregate amount of explosives to be dropped would be 20,000 lbs., or, roughly, nine tons, which, judiciously sprinkled, would do quite a large amount of damage; and, of course, each machine would be able to make probably five or six journeys in the course of the day. Further, it must be remembered that incendiary bombs,

to penetrate the roofs of houses need not be large or heavy, like shells intended for use against fortifications.

Coast Defence Work.

Another task before military aviation, which apparently has not been noticed at all by most people, is the work of coast defence. Coast defence is a military business, and not a matter for the Navy, as most people seem to think. The Navy is supposed to operate on the high seas, and has actually but little to do with the defence of our ports, which is in the hands of the Royal Garrison Artillery and of the Submarine Miners, who are officially the "Coast Battalion" of the Royal Engineers. Therefore it is obvious that the coast defence aeroplane must also be a military machine, though under the latest Government scheme there is to be but one Air Corps, embracing sailors, soldiers and civilians, the members of which must apparently be possessed of a versatility which would justify their being known unofficially as "The Ultramarines."

For the purpose of coast defence, I imagine the hydro-aeroplane similar in operation to that being experimented by Mr. Wakefield, Mr. Adams and Mr. Gnosspelius on Windermere, and by the naval aviators in the Isle of Sheppey, will be largely used, for it will always be able to start from, and alight on, comparatively still harbour water, and so will be able to fly in winds which would keep a shore-going aeroplane in its shed; for it must be remembered that one can always fly in stronger winds at sea than on land, simply owing to the fact that a sea wind is almost always free from gusts, because it is not cut up by inequalities of the surface over which it is blowing.

The hydro-aeroplane must be able to fly at something like seventy miles an hour, which is nothing extraordinary in these days of ninety-mile-an-hour machines. It will thus be considerably faster than the fastest torpedo boats or destroyers, and it should be able to destroy the lightly armoured naval scouts sent out in advance of any hostile fleets approaching the coast.

I am told by a gunnery expert at the Admiralty that it is hardly likely that aeroplanes of any kind will be of much use as weapons against battleships, for no explosive which can be carried by an aeroplane will have the slightest effect

on the heavily armoured deck of a battleship, unless dropped from a height of many thousands of feet, and in that case the chance of the projectile hitting the ship will be considerably less than the chance of a shell from a gun.

Concerning Dirigibles.

At this point it may be worth while digressing on to the subject of dirigibles. They are necessarily a somewhat vexed question, and so far as I can see myself they are at present of little use, except as a means of training several men at a time to observe from a considerable height. Small, cheap machines are quite good for this purpose, but the large, expensive machines, such as the Clement-Bayard and Lebaudy types, are neither powerful enough to be useful as weapons, nor fast enough to be useful as scouts.

On active service it is just possible that the smaller dirigibles might be able to stay in the air on hot days when there was little actual wind, but when very bad vertical heat-gusts stream up from and down to the ground; but my friend, Mr. E. T. Willows, who drove his little dirigible from Cardiff to London, and from London to Paris, and who probably knows as much about dirigibles as everybody else in England put together, tells me that these heat *remous*, as they are called, are almost as dangerous to dirigibles as they are to aeroplanes, owing to the way in which they tilt the machine up and down, and throw strains on to the ends of the gas bag.

If a dirigible, either big or little, did turn out on an ordinary day when aeroplanes could fly with anything approaching comfort, two or three fast aeroplanes acting in concert could worry it up and down till the gas and ballast were exhausted, and it was compelled to come down, for once an aeroplane gets above a dirigible it can destroy the gas bag with the lightest projectile.

The only possibility of getting anything like speed out of a dirigible is to build enormous rigid machines more or less of the Zeppelin type, but these have not yet reached half the speed of the fastest aeroplanes. They are too cumbersome to be used by an army in the field, and the only possible method of making them effective would be to have regular harbours built for them in which they can land in any state of the wind, and by making the machines them-

selves so big and so powerful that they would be able to face any wind while in the air, and could remain in the air till the wind subsided sufficiently for them to return to their harbours. Such machines could only be built at vast expense, and one could equip a fleet of at least 1,000 aeroplanes for the cost of one such dirigible without reckoning on the cost of even one harbour for it.

The dirigible can be of even less use in the Navy. I do not say this solely on account of the abject failure of the Government dirigible built at Barrow-in-Furness, though obviously a machine of such type would be useless with a fleet at sea, even if it had been successful, and it could only be of use for coast defence, which, as I have said before, is a military job.

There is, however, some chance of getting useful service out of a small dirigible about 100 feet long, which would be carried about in a special ship built with the engine at the stern, and the whole forepart devoted to the housing of the dirigible, something on the principle of the oil-tank steamers which carry petroleum from one part of the world to the other.

Naval Aviation.

The naval aeroplane, however, has greater possibilities, and it is satisfactory to note that the British naval authorities are paying great attention to it at the present moment. There seems to be an idea that the hydro-aeroplane will also be useful to the Navy, and many naval men believe in this type.

But I feel sure this is a mistake, for one must recollect that the naval aeroplane will have to operate with a fleet at sea, and owing to the fact that, as I have said, it is always possible to fly in a stronger wind at sea than on land, the naval aeroplane will have to fly in winds up to forty or fifty miles an hour. Now a wind of such velocity would raise a sea that no possible hydro-aeroplane fitted with floats could live in for ten minutes. The first wave that broke over the planes would simply smash them up at once. Consequently it is obvious that the naval aeroplane cannot get up from the water.

Owing to certain interesting experiments which have been tried in America, a number of people who realise that

the naval aeroplane cannot as a rule get up from the water imagine that it will start from a special deck on the ship as Commander Samson did from the *Africa*, in Sheerness Harbour, in January, and will even alight on it again. Now, apart from the fact that a special deck would be a cumbersome obstruction which no naval constructor would tolerate, it must be obvious that no aeroplane could possibly land on the deck of a ship which was heaving about in the sea raised by a fifty-mile an hour gale. Therefore, taking the two arguments together, it is safe to conclude that the naval aeroplane must start from a ship and alight in the water.

Starting from the ship is quite a simple matter, for it merely means a pair of starting rails and a launching apparatus fitted below the forward barbette guns, and above the forward superstructure, so that the machine can be shot off from the bows much in the way that the early Wright machines were shot off from a starting rail. In this way the machine can be launched just as the bow of the ship is rising to a wave, and even if the engine stops at the moment the machine is clearing the ship it will have so much initial velocity that it will rise quite high and be able to turn round and glide back alongside the ship, and so avoid being run down. As I have stated, it is obvious that the aeroplane must come down in the water, and, therefore, one arrives at an idea of the naval aeroplane as being a small, extremely fast monoplane, with a water-tight boat-shaped body, which can come down in the sea and float till it is picked up.

The starting rails can be arranged so that they support the wings of the machine instead of the landing carriage, and so the ordinary chassis can be done away with altogether, thus making the machine very much faster.

The whole machine, minus its wings, would go into a space in the hull of the ship measuring about 25 feet by 6 feet by 4 feet, and the wings would be carried in racks along the sides of the ship. Consequently the machine would take up very little more room than a torpedo, and every ship of any size would be able to carry at least half a dozen aeroplanes.

Of course, every time the machine came down in the water, if there should be any real sea running, the wings would be smashed, and probably the propeller, but one must recollect that when made in large quantities the wings

would probably cost about £15 a pair and the propeller about £5, so that the total cost will be about £20. Against this I am told by naval men that it costs about £200 every time one fires a big gun on a battleship. Also, after its bath, the engine will have to be cleaned and overhauled, but that is only the work of a couple of hours, and the machine would then be ready to start again with new wings and propeller.

As to the utility of the naval scout, I know from experience that on a clear day at sea one can see for a matter of thirty miles from a height of three hundred feet. Consequently at 3,000 feet a naval scout ought to be able to see round him for a radius of something like sixty miles, which is about as far as the eye can reach, so that he could safely go fifty or sixty miles ahead of his own fleet and see what was happening sixty or seventy miles ahead of himself, and still be in touch with his own people.

Territorial Aviation.

There is one further point on which I have not yet touched, and that is the question of Territorials. As most people are aware, Mr. Frank McClean has placed a couple of Short biplanes at the disposal of the London Territorial Balloon Company, and already several Territorial officers and non-commissioned officers have been trained at the Royal Aero Club ground at Eastchurch.

If I might make a suggestion, it is that the Provincial Territorial Associations start a series of Territorial Aeroplane Corps. In most of our big cities it should surely be possible to raise a couple of thousand pounds, with which to buy machines. If this can be done, the Territorial Aviators should become most valuable to the new Air Corps; but no one must be allowed to join those Territorial Corps unless he is in deadly earnest, and every man must be sworn on to turn out in case of war. I give the suggestion for what it is worth, and I only trust that the patriotism of the country will cause something to come of it.

Man

By Cicely Hamilton

It is somewhat curious, when one comes to think of it, how little, even in these days of the outspoken feminist, has been written from the outsider's—that is to say, from the woman's—point of view on the important and enthralling subject of Man. On Man, I mean, not as an individual, but writ with a capital M; as a species, a sex or a class. Man, himself, from his outsider's point of view, has been by no means so reticent with his impressions of the other half of humanity; in volume on volume he has discussed her, in ream upon ream he has set forth his judgment on woman as a class—and a failure. She, apparently, is a subject that he not only delights in arranging, re-arranging, classifying (and incidentally vilifying), but feels himself competent to deal with; since seldom, indeed, do you find him, be he artist, be he scientist, or common average soul, unwilling to dogmatise concerning her. . . . Yet man is supposed to mean more to woman than woman means to man; to be not only her lover and husband, but her study, occupation, delight and means of support. Are there not those who maintain (if less loudly than formerly) that in the kindling of his affections, the bearing of his children, is her very purport, end and justification for existence? Whence, then, her avoidance of the all-engrossing, stimulating topic? Whence, then, her reluctance to classify even as she is classified, to vilify even as she is vilified, to dogmatise even as others dogmatise on her?

One reason for this seemingly considerate reticence I take to be the fact that outspoken feminism is practically a new development. (By that I do not mean that no preceding age has produced women who could speak their minds: but that, so far as one can judge, very few preceding ages produced a public that would listen when they spoke them.) Being concerned with a new development,

outspoken feminists have not had time to go very far afield: they have been, so to speak, too fiercely and busily engaged in re-classifying and re-arranging themselves to spare time for the classification and arrangement of other persons. With all humility one suggests that their neglect of man, in this respect, has been due to a slight lack of interest in him and corresponding concentration of interest upon themselves. Their energetic assaults upon their own position have hitherto left them little leisure to carry the war into the enemy's country—save incidentally and by implication. Absorbed in their efforts to overthrow the barriers that have so far hemmed them in, to discover their own needs, strength, weakness and purpose in life—to ascertain, in short, the essentials of their own identity—they have given small thought to the general needs, strength, weakness and purpose in life of those who stand on the other and right side of the barriers. Seeing them established upon the other and right side, they have hitherto been content to envy—not to analyse. Hence the immunity from general, or class, criticism which the male, so far, has enjoyed; an immunity which it is to be hoped he does not count on since, in the very nature of things, he cannot retain it for ever. Once surer of her own position, once less absorbed in herself and her needs and possibilities, woman will spare a little time to look at her partner and consider him as a class—more shrewdly, less reverently, than she did of old. And it may be taken for granted that her consideration will not only be appreciative; it will very surely take the form of criticism. Man, until now, has been her undoubted superior; and the tendency is always to handle a superior gently. With an equal one is freer spoken.

The present paper is an attempt to look—or rather, cast a glance—at man with the eyes of an equal; that is to say, without nervousness and cringing, without too much consideration for his feelings. It is an attempt, of course, that may not be even partially successful; since the writer, like the generality of women of her time, was brought up to regard him as, in some undefined but actual way, her natural superior—and still finds it hard to dispense with the tradition of her early years. . . . Man, as an individual, it was admitted, might have his faults and shortcomings; but Man, with a capital M, one was taught, was a being

entitled to reverence. And the habit of reverence, once contracted, clings. (Let those who doubt it make a practice of attending militant suffrage meetings and take note of the tenderness with which Man, with a capital M, is handled in such gatherings—yea, even by the habitual window-shatterer! Let him take note of the indignation, the almost holy indignation, with which the average speaker will repel the unthinkable suggestion that the Cause is "anti-man," and mark the unfailing applause that follows her heated outburst.)

Apart from this ingrained reverence—which for us he has never entertained, and by which he is, therefore, not embarrassed—when it comes to generalisations, there is this further and added trouble: that we are quite unable to look at him after the same manner as he looks at us—sweepingly and in the lump. We know him as a creature of numerous tastes and habits, of passions many and various; know him, in short, as something that must be studied in detail. He, on the other hand, having contemplated only one aspect of his women-folk, has persuaded himself that no other aspect of women-folk exists. Having studied us only in relation to his own needs and desires, he has ended by persuading himself that we are what he would like us to be: the production and expression of two elementary instincts—the sexual and maternal. And on a being so simply compounded, so devoid of complications, it is simple and easy to generalise. . . . True it is that at moments he finds it difficult to account for all our proceedings and vagaries on these elementary and instinctive grounds; but this difficulty he has surmounted, and with praiseworthy ingenuity and resource. To the two primary and elemental ingredients of feminine humanity he has added a third of his own composition and invention; to wit, general and constitutional unreasonableness. And by the existence of such general unreasonableness or caprice he explains all those traits, impulses, desires and actions in woman which cannot be accounted for on sexual or maternal lines, which have no connection with her affection for her man or her affection for her child. "Just like a woman" on a man's lips usually means that in some particular female he has run up against a trait, impulse or desire which cannot be accounted for on sexual or maternal grounds; and which, therefore, in his

opinion, can only have its origin in cussedness pure and simple.

With us it is not so easy. We do not often say "Just like a man!" Not because we are more charitable and less prone to sneer, but because we have discovered—in spite of many efforts to keep the truth from us—that much that is like a man is like a woman too. The discovery is due to no particular penetration on our part, to no particular acute faculty of feminine observation; it is, I imagine, the natural consequence of our position of accepted inferiority. The conscious inferior, all the world over, is ever on the alert to detect points of resemblance between himself and his superior, to dwell on their common needs and qualities in the spirit of "A man's a man for a' that." The attitude of the conscious superior is, of course, the exact opposite of this; its chief characteristics a persistent endeavour to dwell on and accentuate the differences between himself and the inferior, a persistent attempt to widen the gulf between himself and the person he despises, a persistent effort to regard such differences and such gulf not as artificial, but as essential and in the natural order of things.

Hence the nervousness and annoyance of the aristocratic male at the prospect of any lessening of the gulf between the female class and his own. Hence his insistence on the essential dissimilarity of the two sexes (or classes); and hence tremulous masculine anxiety in face of recent developments, lest women as the result of such developments should lose what is known as their femininity and approximate more nearly to the outlook, the habits, the interests, the virtues and vices of their overlords. "Keep your femininity," we are implored, "above all things cherish and value it!" Which, being interpreted, signifies something like this: "Don't, *don't*, DON'T try to obliterate the caste distinction between the sexes! Be dependent; because we look down on the dependent. Don't be sensible; because it is difficult, even impossible, to despise the sensible person. For if you are independent, if you are sensible, if we can no longer look down on, despise you, you will have deprived us of one of the sweetest pleasures that life has to give—the consciousness of inborn superiority . . . . So, in our interests, and not in your own, we beseech you to keep your femininity!"

I have considered the matter carefully and at length; and at the end of careful and lengthy consideration I find myself unable to come to any conclusion but this—that the dislike of the average man for the woman who in any way resembles him, in manner, in habits, in taste or appearance, is founded principally, if unconsciously, upon the fear of losing caste, of ceasing to be, by virtue of his masculine birth, an aristocrat marked off from those beneath him. If this were not the case would he not be attracted rather than repelled by the woman who indulges in the sincerest form of flattery?

And in part, at least, from the same unconscious motive springs his constant insistence on the functions of sex and maternity as the dominating influences, the only factors that really count in the life, aspirations and possibilities of a woman. Through her sex and her actual or possible maternity she differs from him naturally and radically; and it is because he desires that she should not be as he is that he lays stress upon these natural and radical differences, strives to accentuate them by education and environment, and does his best to ignore in her the equally natural impulses and desires which are even as his own since they spring from a common humanity and a common humanity's needs. More than once in the course of my existence have I had occasion to note—and more than once in the course of my existence have I taken occasion to point out—the curious results of this exaggerated masculine estimate of the part played by the functions of sex and motherhood in the life of the average woman: the most striking, perhaps, being the attitude and consequent arguments of the aggrieved male when confronted in the paid labour market by the female intruder. Always at her head is hurled the same reproachful threat; does she not see, can she not realise, that when she leaves her domestic surroundings to work for a wage and a living, she, by the very fact and act, is lessening her chance of a husband? From which one can only infer that it is considered right and reasonable and natural for women capable of effort and self-support to sit with their hands folded on empty stomachs lest, by making an attempt to fill them, they lessen their prospects of matrimony; to stint, or even starve, through years of idleness on the off-chance of a lover! No one in his senses

would dream of offering such preposterous advice to a man; since everyone in his senses knows that the hour would come when present hunger would be more insistent than the hope of the unknown beloved; when, in obedience to the first law of nature, the impulse to self-preservation, the man would unfold his hands and go to work—that he might eat his fill and keep himself alive. . . . With women, however, things are supposed to be different. Existing only for the purposes of sex and maternity, self-preservation is expected to have small attraction for her if, in the process of keeping herself alive, she risks her chances of matrimony and hopes of a subsequent family. Rather than risk these chances, we are given to understand, she will, if right-minded, sit at home and starve to death with decency—so entirely and essentially does she differ from the man from whose rib she was formed. . . . Yet, when one comes to think of it, in order to find a husband, in order to bear children, it is necessary first to be alive oneself.

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It may be argued, of course, that the statement that man despises woman has no foundation in fact; to which I can only reply that there are people who dispute the most self-evident propositions, as well as people who deny that the world is round and the earth goes round the sun. "You women!" from a man's lips is a term of sheer contempt; one has heard it often. "You men!" comes comparatively seldom from a woman's, and never with the same ring. (I have tried to get it with that ring myself and absolutely failed; having none of the confident contempt for my brother that I know he has for me.)

Women, in the mass, know perfectly well that men, in the mass, regard them as inferiors, and bear that fact in mind when they come to deal with them. They understand—most women at least—that the only capacities in which they are not considered essentially inferior to the male human being are the two capacities of mother and beloved; because in these there is no question of competition, and therefore no possible standard of comparison, with the accomplishments of the other sex. But in every other capacity their inferiority is not only taken for granted but encouraged and most strongly recommended.

I am not forgetting, of course, that a certain amount of deference to women, of small and personal service, is an amiable characteristic of the decent and average man. He lifts his hat when he meets us, walks at our heels through a doorway, and, if we don't look too much like Suffragettes, has been frequently known to offer us his seat in a train. I trust I shall not be accused of ingratitude for favours received when I state that those of us who keep cool heads are not unduly elated by these outward tokens of respect in non-essentials, since we recognise in them a form of payment, more or less inadequate, for value received in other directions (in the shape of our own very real deference in more essential matters). If the public Press and common conversation be any trustworthy guide, it is in the same light that the active party to these courtesies also regards them—as a dole or reward for submission in other directions. At any rate, the appearance in woman of any characteristic that he considers unfitting or unpleasant, the attempt in woman to assert her own personality or needs, as distinct from his, is usually followed by a solemn and voluble warning that the above-mentioned courtesies are conditional, the perquisite only of the feminine, and that if she goes on like this the practices of masculine chivalry will be shortly and sternly discontinued. Which is only another way of saying that payment in small courtesies will be stopped unless she complies with the conditions of the implied bargain, and behaves, in things that really count, as man thinks she ought to do.

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There are certain faults and failings of which men are prone to accuse women in general; taking for granted, one concludes that from such faults and failings themselves in general are tolerably free. Of such is the petty spite that, for some unknown reason, is supposed to be characteristic not only of the human female, but of that resourceful animal, the cat; of such also an ineradicable tendency to fluent and malicious gossip.

In this connection I venture to put forward a theory of my own; which is, that, as a rule, the characteristics that strike us most in others are the characteristics with which

we are most familiar in ourselves. It takes some time for the average human being to detect in another a fault or a virtue of which, in his own person, he possesses no trace; on the other hand it usually takes him a very short time to recognise in another human being his own familiar and salient characteristics. For the simple reason that they are familiar to him; so that he goes about the world in constant expectation of meeting them. The habitually dishonest person, for instance, is ever expecting to be greeted with a lie, and is usually far freer and readier in his denunciation of lying than the habitually honest person —who takes some time to detect a lie when he meets it. The intelligent man expects intelligence in others, and recognises it when found; the stupid believes all men to be as stupid as himself, and is puzzled by manifestations of brain-power. In the same way man, being fundamentally a talker and a gossip, is apt to be particularly struck by the presence of similar tastes in women.

For, in spite of any and every assertion to the contrary, man it is, and not woman, with whom three-fourths of the current supply of gossip originate. Nay, I am inclined to think that three-fourths is an unduly moderate estimate; nine-tenths or ninety-nine hundredths would probably be nearer the mark. Man is the collective (as opposed to the sequestered), the sociable, talkative animal; the person who cannot sit quietly at home, who is really unhappy unless he can gather in numbers and chatter. What does he do but gossip when he assembles together in clubs? What does he do but gossip when he lounges at bars with his mates? There are, of course, interludes in the flow of personalities for the discussion of politics and betting; but, on the whole, one gathers that, where man habitually meets with man, the conversation is of the stamp which we are accustomed to call by the name of gossip, and that all places where men chat sociably together are hotbeds of slander and scandal. And if it be true—as I have heard —that it is (or was) a rule in the Army that a woman's name should not be mentioned at mess, it shows that in the Army, at least, the fact has been frankly recognised, and a praiseworthy attempt made to curb an unfortunate masculine tendency. . . . . Fancy an assemblage of women having to impose upon themselves a self-denying

ordinance with regard to the mention of man during meals! Such an ordinance for women is unthinkable—because so completely unnecessary.

I do not deny for an instant that there are women who disseminate gossip; my point is simply that men lay stress on their failings in this direction because they themselves are accustomed to gossip, they themselves are past-masters in the art of personal chatter. If my theory be correct, such hearty and immediate recognition of their own weakness is natural and inevitable; but, on the other hand, I cannot see that it is either natural or inevitable that they should turn up their eyes to heaven over faults that are no worse in kind and lesser in degree than their own . . . . Woman to man, where scandal is concerned, stands in the position of the retail trader to the wholesale manufacturer. The gentleman who frequents his club or public-house passes on selections and suitable fragments of the converse there enjoyed to his wife; who, if she be expansive or amiably disposed, will proceed to admit to her confidence that unhappy remnant of womankind who, being husbandless, can obtain no directer access to the fountain head of gossip.

The same faculty of complete and constant recognition in others of the qualities possessed by ourselves explains the frequent and ready detection by man of the mean and petty elements in woman. I cannot, myself, see that the practice of getting work, and hard work, done for you for nothing is a characteristic of the higher generosity; but it is certainly a characteristic of man, the magnanimous, in dealing with woman, the pettifogging! While (to take a concrete example) can you for sheer small spitefulness, exceed—can you even equal—the attitude of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge towards those women who, were they men, would be entitled to its honours—who having shared the man's toil are denied the man's reward? . . . "We can't prevent you from being as clever as we are"—so may one crystallise the attitude—"but at least no one shall know it if we can help it." And, with that example in mind, one is tempted to lay it down as an axiom that feminine pettiness runs a very poor second to academic meanness.

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Let us give man his due. One real, stupendous benefit the male half of humanity has, of its own initiative, conferred upon a suffering world! The benefit of comfort—physical comfort of the easy chair and good dinner order. Woman, left to herself and without his guiding hand, would have been but a comfortless creature; a creature content to put up with shortcomings in the matter of food and surroundings; content to take her meals anyhow and anywhere and made of anything that happened to be handy. As a class, and with few exceptions, you cannot induce her to approach her repasts with the reverent and critical appreciation characteristic of the trousered. Save in rare instances she does not dine; she eats. And when bent on real solid well-being, you annex the accustomed chair of the master, not the mistress, of the house.

It is upon this comfortless person, this unpromising material, that man has imposed his demands; has impressed, through the ages, his excellent example in the matter of bodily well-being; exacting from her—by the simple process of refusing to put up with anything else—the provision of regular and decent meals in place of hurried snacks; requiring from her, much against her will, the orderly arrangement of his household. Little by little, and in the course of ages, she has acquired some of his habits and even, through ministering to them, something of his tastes; but she is still—and possibly ever will be—a long way behind him in the combined art and science of physical welfare. Appliances that make for bodily comfort are still invented by and intended for man; still, adopted by woman only when he has demonstrated their use and efficacy. And what woman can cook as a man cooks—with inspiration and magnificence? Yet, heaven knows, she has had opportunity enough to equal his achievements in the culinary line; and if she has not equalled them it is because her heart was never in the job, because the flash of inspiration comes only to those who reverence their work. I have known women who cooked well, earnestly and as a moral duty; I have known none who cooked with the uprush and tremor of inspired enthusiasm. It says little for the intelligence of the world at large that to woman, and not to man, has hitherto been given credit for supremacy in the domestic

arts. Woman, it is true, has, at the dictation of her master, applied the domestic arts more or less badly, more or less unwillingly; but man it is who has inspired them, man it is who, from the beginning of time, has grasped their dignity and possibilities. We who are women owe him many a grudge; but against his sins let us set this great good deed—that he taught us the meaning of comfort!

CICELY HAMILTON.

Coal and the Nation

By Rowland Kenney

In spite of the suffering, inconvenience and irritation caused by the recent labour disputes, they have performed one useful function. The attention of thousands of public men has been drawn to the problem of the national organisation of certain industries vital to the welfare of the nation at large. The coal war, with its attendant dislocation of industry and partial paralysis of the trade of the country, has demonstrated the necessity for a serious consideration of the national coal resources before the nation is plunged into ruin by incessant warfare of the present conflicting interests.

That the miners should be paid a minimum wage, and that the minimum should be high enough to maintain them and their families at a decent standard of life, has been acknowledged by everyone except an extreme section of mine-owners. Sir Arthur Markham, M.P., well known as a coal-master, thoroughly endorsed the men's claim, not only in principle but in the actual amounts demanded. He computed the extra cost on production of a general ten per cent. increase in wages would be 4d. or 6d. per ton, a remarkably low figure when compared to the estimate of Mr. D. A. Thomas, the Welsh coal-owner, who so vigorously opposed the minimum wage principle. Writing in the *Daily Mail* of March 2, Mr. Thomas said: "The cost of the minimum wage, owing to reduced output, will involve us in an increased cost of production of several shillings per ton."

Which of the two estimates is right it would take an expert to decide; but the prevailing opinion is that Mr. Thomas' figures are much too high. In another of his claims, however, Mr. Thomas is certainly right, and that is that the concession of the minimum wage will not bring lasting peace to the coal industry.

The miners do not consider the new rate as a fair standard of value for their labour; it is simply the lowest

price they will take until they are in a position to press for more. That they do intend to press for more is certain. The modification of the schedules was only agreed to by the extremists in order to expedite a victory on the matter of the principle involved, in the belief that, when once the principle was conceded, it would be easier to raise the rate than to force the principle and the high schedule through at the same time.

There is also the question of the low-paid districts to consider. So far it has been accepted as inevitable that, owing to the peculiar circumstances in which they are placed, the workers in certain districts must accept lower wages than are paid to those in more favoured localities. But already there are questionings and searchings for means of bringing the rates to a more uniform standard. How this can be done no one seems to know, and miners I have interviewed have had no suggestions to offer. In this connection it will be useful to explain some of the reasons for the wide difference in the schedule rates.

The two extremes of the minimum rate of wages are: Bristol 4/11 and Yorkshire 7/6 per shift. The difference in house rents and the price of commodities has some bearing on the subject, but the geological features of the districts are more largely responsible. In Yorkshire, the coal is of a better quality, the seams are thicker and the roof is strong, with the result that coal can be produced cheaper, and will, in consequence, bear a heavier rate of wages than in the Bristol area. Similarly, in the Monmouthshire coalfield—not far from Bristol, and one of the finest in the United Kingdom—the coal is easier to get and will bear the higher rate. Under these circumstances, if the cost of production were equal in every district, Bristol coalowners would have no chance of competing with the neighbouring owners of Monmouthshire, so the miners prefer to have discriminating rates, and work for such a price as will allow the colliery owners the margin of profit necessary to induce them to keep the mines open.

Then again, the condition of the workers in the poor fields has been somewhat improved by the enjoyment of certain privileges—such as an allowance of free coal—which those in the better-paid areas have been denied.

There are many other matters affecting the varying

rates of wages and the standards of life. The methods of working vary so much. In South Wales the coal trams hold from twenty to twenty-eight hundredweight of coal, and big horses are required to draw them, consequently men are employed in this branch of the pit work, whereas in most English districts the trams generally hold less than ten hundredweight, and boys are employed as drivers of the small ponies used.

The fear of ruining the industry locally also explains the comparatively small number of strikes in the low-paid areas. The men dared not use the force of the Federation. That is one of the advantages of the national movement: by raising the wages all round the owners of the poorer mines will not be handicapped in the market. But, of course, this does nothing towards the levelling-up of rates, which is hoped for.

The intervention of the Government during the course of the dispute and the introduction of a Government Bill in which the minimum wage principle is embodied, are signs of the growing consciousness among the members of all political parties of the necessity for State action in industrial crises. But the Government cannot stop there, and the next important question is: In what direction is State interference to tend? for it must be remembered that, just as the minimum wage is merely the first step on the part of the miners towards a certain and higher standard of life, so the minimum wage Bill can only be the first step of Parliament in the direction of a re-organisation of the coal industry in the interests of the whole community.

The proposals meeting with most favourable consideration by one section at the present time are the schemes for profit-sharing and co-partnership. There is also some little talk of co-operative ownership of a mine or mines by the men employed, or by some existing body working on co-operative lines, such as the Co-operative Wholesale Society. It is very improbable that the latter suggestion, co-operative ownership by the workers, will be seriously considered. The depleted funds of the miners' unions will prevent them from moving in the matter, and the Co-operative Societies are but lukewarm on the subject. It is interesting to note in this connection that the Australian miners of New South Wales in the strike in November, 1909,

were, for a time, strongly fortified by the profits of their co-operatively owned mine, which helped to swell the strike fund until the Government interfered by deciding to acquire all the coal necessary for the maintenance of the public services at prices ruling immediately before the strike, and refusing to carry coal on the State Railways except for State purposes.

That the suggestion of co-partnership as a solution to the coal difficulty has met with great favour in Parliamentary circles, is indicated by the fact that nearly two hundred and fifty members of Parliament have petitioned Mr. Asquith for a Royal Commission to be set up to enquire into the existing system of profit-sharing or co-partnership in industries and manufactures.

Earl Grey, in his zeal for this reform, would have the State use its power to foster the system by refusing to give public contracts to firms which are not run on the co-partnership principle. Viscount Hythe, who has had some years' experience in the mining industry, advocates a scheme of profit-sharing which gives the men a share in the management of the concern by representation on the board of control. This suggestion, however, is generally condemned among capitalists who look with some degree of favour on the general principle. They fear that the interference in matters of management by workers who have had little administrative experience would ruin the industry; indeed, it is claimed that it has already ruined some industries, for the idea is no new thing. During the past eighty years over two hundred experiments have been made in the printing, iron, woollen, cotton, coach-building, boot and shoe, jam-making and other trades, most of which have come to an end for some reason or other. The most notable, and by far the most successful, has been the system introduced by Sir George Livesey into the South Metropolitan Gas Company in 1889, and since then adopted by over thirty other gas companies, involving a total capital of about fifty million pounds.

But even in the gas industry there are keen opponents of co-partnership who claim that the advantages to both the workers and the community of municipal ownership of this and any other monopoly far outweigh any good that can accrue to the workers who are allowed a share of the profits.

To leave out of account the question of whether a scheme of co-partnership applied to a great industry like the coal industry would be successful or not, the idea is not likely to develop in this country because of the suspicion among organised workers that it would break up the trade unions and simply be used to raise wages by taxing the strength of the worker to the utmost. In other words, that labour would have to earn its present wages and then earn the increased profits, of which it would receive a share. For these reasons co-partnership, profit-sharing and co-operative ownership can be ruled out of account as immediate practical proposals for effectively protecting the nation from the havoc of future coal disputes.

And yet something must be done. Even the *Daily Mail*, before the strike commenced, said, "We venture to think that the manufacturers and private individuals, who depend upon coal will disagree . . ." with the argument that "the coalowners have a right to do what they like with their own," and in the next sentence put the case for the nation by stating, that—"At such a moment, coal is no more private property than air."

The weakness of the *Mail's* position lies in the words "at such a moment." To wait until disaster is upon the nation is foolishness. If private property in coal can involve the nation in ruin, steps should be taken without delay to safeguard the nation by acquiring sufficient coalfields to meet the needs of the national services—the fleet, the railways, municipal undertakings and some special trades, just as the German Government, by means of its own coal mines in Westphalia, provides coal for the German fleet and the German State railways.

An important point to note is that this State ownership of coalfields must precede municipal or state ownership of the means of coal distribution. One of the reforms specially advocated during recent years is the municipal ownership of coal depots where coal can be retailed at a low price to the consumer by buying direct from the pits, and so saving middlemen's profits. If there was any guarantee that the municipalities would not have the combined forces of the owners raising the prices against them, this would be one of the most useful and beneficent pieces of work ever attempted by municipal enterprise, but under present

conditions it would be futile. The first duty is to acquire the fields, and then proceed to municipal distribution.

The best example of what can be done to protect the consumer is furnished by the State coal mines of New Zealand. The sales of coal for the financial year ending March 31, 1911, realised £196,805 at the pit head; the profits from this, added to previous balances, make a total clear revenue since the opening of the mines in 1904 of £50,552. The average earnings of the workers are 17s. per daily shift of eight hours, and it is claimed that, owing to the competition of the State mines, the price of coal in Wellington and Christchurch for domestic purposes has dropped from 30s. and 35s. per ton to 25s. and 28s. per ton.

The Australian State of Victoria has also opened up a coalfield, but so recently that the information available is very meagre, though the reports issued so far are exceedingly favourable. The development of the Powlett River coal area was undertaken in November, 1909, and a month later the construction of a railway connecting the coalfield with Nyora, a distance of twenty-seven miles, was authorised and was completed in the remarkable short period of ten weeks. In addition to developing the coal industry, the Victorian Government laid out the model township of Wonthaggi on the Powlett River field, formed roads, planted trees, erected one hundred miners' houses, and started State brickfields and State quarries. At the present time there are also under construction a complete system of waterworks and an electric plant to supply light and power for the whole district.

According to the latest figures to hand the total quantity of coal raised on the Powlett River field—that is, to the end of May, 1911—was 388,150 tons, valued at £171,480, and the estimated profit for 1910 was close on £20,000. In June, 1911, the daily output was 1,900 tons and 1,100 men were employed in the mine and surface works. The average earnings of coal hewers for the first half of last year were 13s. 8d. per shift. One of the most interesting and significant features of this State mine is that there have been no labour disputes, and the labour grievances voiced were mostly due to routine arrangements which were easily adjusted.

In his report for 1910, the General Manager of the

Victoria State Coal Mine says: "It would be difficult to estimate the increased national income directly due to the opening of the State Coal Mine, including as it does the settlement of the State township of Wonthaggi, and the annual distribution in wages of nearly a quarter of a million pounds sterling." He then goes on to point out that the whole community has participated, and will doubtless participate in the future to a still greater extent, in the advantages arising from the reduction in the price of fuel for manufacturing purposes, estimating that the saving for the year in this direction alone will amount to over £30,000 sterling. He also notes "the moral effect of the feeling of self-reliance engendered by the development of the State's resources."

What Victoria and New Zealand have done, Great Britain can do; in fact, in the interests of the nation, must do, before calamity overtakes it. To settle one labour dispute by Act of Parliament and then calmly wait for the next—which will probably be infinitely worse if allowed to develop—will not be statesmanship or even common sense. Action is required. But intelligent action, not hasty, ill-planned operations, which will merely aggravate the problem instead of making for a solution.

Failing the immediate complete nationalisation of coal mines, the example of Germany must be followed, and enough fields acquired to ensure sufficient coal for certain undertakings; but, before this step is taken, another serious problem must be dealt with, and that is the question of ownership of land and minerals.

The private ownership of land and minerals is the source of half the industrial ills from which we suffer. It is known that mining royalties to the extent of six million pounds, at least, are paid annually to British landowners. A conservative estimate is that coal royalties represent a tax of 5½d. on every ton of coal brought to the surface. Until recently the public searchlights were never turned on this item in the cost of coal production, but it can no longer be ignored either by Parliament or people. It is impossible to get at the whole of the facts relating to royalties, but those already known are sufficient to prove their crushing weight on industry and justify any effort to remove them. Speaking at West Hartlepool on September 14th, 1909,

Sir Christopher Furness, the great ronmaster, is reported in "Land Values" to have stated, that, during the last ten years, the cost to his companies in royalties and wayleaves amounted to £761,000.

Royalties are based on a tonnage system which varies in different localities—and are reducible to a certain payment on every ton of minerals mined in one or more of the three following ways: Certain or dead rents; fixed or scale payment per ton, or per foot thick of the seam per acre of minerals worked; and wayleaves.

In the first case, the landowner stipulates that a certain quantity of minerals must be extracted yearly throughout the term of the lease, and exacts an annual payment on this basis. Therefore, if the landlord stipulates that 40,000 tons per year must be raised by the lessee at a rent of 6d. per ton, the dead rent becomes an annual charge of £1,000. This amount must be paid whether the 40,000 tons are raised or not. In the second case the price is fixed throughout the term of the lease, and when based on a sliding scale, fixed or proportional, it may vary from one-tenth to one-thirtieth of the selling price at the pit mouth. A wayleave is simply a payment for right of way; a tonnage charge on the conveyance of minerals under or over the surface of land which is not part of the working area of the mine.

Sir Arthur Markham told the House of Commons on September 22, 1909, of a landlord drawing £800 per year for wayleaves across a piece of land no larger than the People's Chamber. In another case a landlord charged 4d. a ton for permitting minerals to cross a strip of land only twenty yards wide. Usually these several charges are combined into one tonnage charge and we have the comprehensive term of royalty.

A move in the direction of reform was made by the Land Values Duties imposed by Mr. Lloyd George's Finance Act of 1909-10, one of which is the Mineral Rights Duty of five per cent. on the rental value of all rights to work minerals, and all mineral wayleaves. The duty is to be charged on the amount of rent paid by the working lessee in the last working year, or, in cases where a proprietor himself works the minerals, the customary rent of the district. This is good so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough and

must be developed to its logical extreme, which is the nationalisation of all private royalties and, of course, of minerals, as the two are inseparable.

Following on the appropriation of royalties, it is the duty of the Government to acquire fields for its own use. From these fields it would be necessary not merely to provide current supplies of coal, but to store reserves in case of a national emergency, just as the railways provided a certain quantity to carry them over the strike. Later the nation would develop a system of distribution working through the municipal authorities. The land is the first difficulty—but Mr. Lloyd George has opened the way to State control of the mineral and other resources of the land—then a State mine and later municipal distribution, the ultimate goal to be State ownership of all mines and the means of coal distribution.

This brings us back again to the worker. It does not necessarily follow that State employment will ensure satisfaction among miners unless the State is prepared to make drastic alterations in the conditions of labour. But, judging from what has happened in the Colonies, it would be easy to pay the miners handsomely for reasonable hours and still have a surplus towards the national revenue if the incubus of the owner and landlord were removed. In any case, it will have to be done soon or late. The coal miners have shown their determination to get higher wages and shorter hours. Both masters and men have put the nation to incalculable inconvenience before terms of settlement could be arranged for them; now the time has come for the needs of the community to be considered before everything else, and drastic action on the part of Parliament is required before the present feeling of general discontent plunges the nation into civil war.

The Brussels Sugar Convention

By the Right Hon. T. Lough

On October 22nd, 1911, a gathering of delegates appointed by all the great powers of Europe took place in Brussels, which in the interest of its proceedings may well compare with any of those celebrated assemblies which have taken place in that famous city. This was the special meeting of the Convention, which for the last ten years has been settling the rules under which sugar is to be produced and distributed over the Continent. Like its predecessors this meeting was held in complete secrecy, and there is the greatest difficulty in ascertaining what actually took place. From vague rumours however, and from the repeated adjournments it is clear that the unanimity which has characterised the assembly in its sixty previous sessions has been seriously disturbed. Several of the nations had grown restive at the manner in which matters connected with their own progress and development had been settled and thus it fell to the lot of Russia to take the initiative in summoning the present gathering. The summer had been dry, and the abundance of sunshine so agreeable to many had somewhat restricted the productivity of the beet crop, from which the sugar is drawn. So far the shortage was only prospective, but the enterprising speculators who make forecasts in these matters, estimated that it must occur in a few months and in anticipation of what might happen, had pushed sugar up to nearly famine prices; in June the standard quotation at Hamburg was 10s. 9d. and at the end of October it had risen to 17s. 6d. per cwt.

The importance of these figures will be realised when it is explained that an increase in price of even 1s. per cwt. in the United Kingdom, maintained for a whole year, means a tax of 1½ millions sterling on the people. Neither the dry weather nor the alleged shortage, however, had been universal and production had been abundant in Russia, but it was impossible to export her surplus stock of the

previous year, said to amount to 500,000 tons, or any but a small part of her abundant crop of 1911 to relieve the necessities of other States, owing to the restrictions which in 1907 had been made the condition of her admission to this international conference. Thus Russia was to a great extent shut out from the rich harvest of high prices which Germany, Austria and other countries were reaping and naturally she was discontented, so the Convention was called together to hear the case made for the freeing of her industries. It was then found that Italy also wanted to be released from restraints on her exports and others had complaints to make. The nation of all others however, which had the greatest grievance was the United Kingdom, which is not a producer of sugar, but the largest consumer of all, she had not participated in the advantages which the high prices were conferring and her only interest in the matter was the heavy burden in extra payments which the situation threw upon her sugar users. There is cause for no little surprise therefore that the original complaints which led to this historic gathering, proceeded not from the United Kingdom but from Russia, whose object was to participate more largely in a gain which to some extent she had been already sharing with other nations. Under the protocol of December 19th, 1907, Russia can only export Westwards 200,000 tons of sugar in any one year and she asked for permission to increase this to 609,000 for this year only, to send out 100,000 tons extra next year and in each of the four following years fifteen per cent. over the figure of the preceding year. In making this reasonable demand Russia felt sure of the support of the United Kingdom and it was cordially rendered. The producing Powers took a different view, and though unwilling to offer a blank refusal, they adjourned the Conference until December. Thus the main results of a refusal were secured and the Western producers left in exclusive control of the artificially inflated market. These meetings have not been confined to the discussion of Russia's demand, the larger question of the renewal of the period of the Convention for another five years has been raised and the conditions, if any, on which this might be agreed to have come up for decision and it is in this that the interests of the United Kingdom are so vitally involved.

THE BRUSSELS SUGAR CONVENTION

There was a pleasant interlude in which congratulations were offered to one of the originators of the scheme on the commencement of its tenth year, medals were distributed and an adjournment for a few days took place. We may therefore seize the opportunity it offers for a short retrospect of the effect this remarkable congress has had on the industries of our own country.

Since 1902 the operations of the law of supply and demand have been suspended with regard to sugar in all European countries, and its production, distribution and price have been regulated by this so-called Convention, which is really a Trust representing the producing interest. Moreover, there is no other trust which exercises so much authority, for it is supported by fourteen Governments, including the United Kingdom, France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Austria-Hungary, who have agreed to carry out its decisions. Occasionally a white paper is published by the British Foreign Office as to some of the doings of the Convention, but it gives no report of the important part of the proceedings the secrecy of which is strictly guarded. The object of the organisation is plainly stated in the original Convention to be "to effectually protect the Home Markets of producing countries," and the effect is simply to raise prices within the United Kingdom. The success with which this object has been achieved may be seen by comparing the average official prices of 88% beet sugar per cwt. F.O.B. Hamburg, during the nine years which have elapsed since the Convention came into existence, with 1902.

1902	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907	1908	1909	1910	1911
6/8½	8/3½	10/4	10/0½	8/7½	9/6	10/5½	11/0½	12/6½	12/10

To ascertain the British cost, freight and duty must be added and it is to be remembered that this is not refined sugar such as is generally used.

When the Sugar Convention Act was being discussed in Parliament Mr. Chamberlain said that it would probably raise the price 5s. per cwt. and the figures show that this anticipation has been more than realised. When competition was unfettered it seemed quite likely that prices would range from 6s. to 8s. per cwt. In Cuba and other places cane sugar can be profitably produced even at the

lower figure. The average however, for the nine years given above is over 10s. per cwt. and for the last four years 11s. 8d. But it is not fair merely to take the averages; a glance at the figures shows that the tendency is upwards, that there have been periods when the prices have been between 14s. and 15s., and even as high as 17s. 6d. per cwt.; thus there is no limit to the fluctuation upwards, and the effect of the Convention is to prevent the prices falling below a certain minimum. If then, we assume that the action of this trust up to now has been only to cause a ½d. per lb. or 4s. 8d. per cwt. to be added to the cost, it has laid a tax of seven millions a year on the people of the United Kingdom.

The unpleasantness of the matter to us is increased by the fact that this advance has been accompanied step by step by a fall in the prices paid by *consumers* in the producing countries. It seems difficult to understand how prices have been reduced abroad at the same time that they have been raised here, but the explanation is that while bounties were paid, producers were compelled to recover the payment by a proportionately enhanced price to the consumers at home. In pre-Convention days sugar was usually half the price in London that it was in Paris or Berlin, and the change that has taken place will be seen from the following table showing the cost of the grade generally used per pound in the three capitals.

	London (deducting tax).	Paris.	Berlin.
1903 ...	1¼d.	4¼d.	3⅛d.
1910 ...	2¼d.	3⅛d.	2⅝d.

The principal defence of the Convention is that it has secured the abolition of the system under which a bounty of so much cash was paid to the producer on every ton exported, and the implication is that Free Trade has been substituted for this system. A bounty to stimulate production is however the least noxious form of protection. We must therefore consider the system under which it has been abolished before we accept the contention that benefit has been secured. Examination shows that if the Convention has done away with bounties it has substituted even more objectionable practices. The bounties were not given in or by the United Kingdom, and it is not

our business to look at the matter from the standpoint of foreign countries. It was quite optional at all times for the foreign Governments to stop the bounties and there is hardly any doubt that they would have come to an end without the aid of the Convention. The Convention sets up a surtax which enables each country to charge an excess import duty not exceeding £2 10s. per ton over the excise; the quantity that any country may export is limited; restraints are imposed upon production in many directions; exports from countries which do not accept the rules of the Convention are heavily penalised. Refining must be carried on under Government supervision by night and day; certificates of origin must be exhibited by merchants to prove that the sugar they use comes from a Convention country, before it or articles made from it are exported. All these restrictions are quite hostile to Free Trade and this brief description of the nature and effect of this extraordinary experiment in commercial legislation is sufficient to make us curious to know how the United Kingdom with all its traditions in favour of Free Trade could have been drawn into it.

The origin of the Convention was a Royal Commission appointed by Mr. Chamberlain in 1896 on the suggestion of sugar producers, to report on the condition of the West Indian Islands. Following the recommendations of this Commission, a series of direct money payments were made to the Islands between that year and 1901. The policy of making these grants was questioned by Free Traders from the beginning, and Parliament becoming restive with regard to it, an important debate took place in 1902 when a grant of £250,000 was sanctioned to carry on the Islands until the Brussels Convention—the grand new scheme devised by Mr. Chamberlain—should come into operation and the proposal was opposed by the Liberal Party. The Convention was recommended by the argument that raising prices would stimulate export from our West Indian Colonies which would, in turn, require a great deal more machinery for their manufactories. After eight years' experience it is possible to see how far these hopes have been realised. The total export from the British West Indies and British Guiana decreased from 301,280 tons in 1902 to 219,946 tons in 1910. All the principal islands show large decreases; thus

between 1904 and 1910 there was a falling off in production in Barbadoes of 24.60, in Jamaica 23, and in Trinidad 11.30 per cent.

Another argument put forward in favour of adopting the Convention was that it would afford a great stimulus to the industry of refining which it was alleged had seriously declined. Mr. Chamberlain said that if the natural increase of this great business had continued employment would have been found for "tens of thousands, if not hundreds of thousands of hands." What is the truth? No serious decline had taken place either in the quantity refined here nor in the number of hands employed. The census returns of 1901 show that 2,416 people were employed in this industry and the quantity refined was 640,000 tons, or 40 per cent. of the whole consumption. This was about the same as was refined in 1870, but then it was 80 per cent. of the national requirements. Even if the whole quantity we use were refined here employment would only be found for some 6,000 men, instead of the hundreds of thousands which Mr. Chamberlain mentioned. Since 1902 the number of refineries in this country has fallen from 15 to 13, it will therefore be seen how little real ground exists for any complaint. But supposing this business had diminished are there not compensating advantages? Alongside this limited industry hundreds of up-to-date factories have been set up, giving wide employment, realising vast fortunes and providing the nation and to a large extent foreign countries, with new commodities which the march of civilisation demands. There is more profit attached to one pound of sugar used in a mineral water, jam or biscuit factory than to the mere refining of 50 pounds. These industries stimulate other great national interests. Thus the growing of fruit for preserves has done something to revive agriculture. Wooden boxes, decorated tins and caskets are demanded for the products of these new factories. Many of the delicate operations of sugar-boiling, chocolate and biscuit making, provide employment for women and girls. Neither let it be supposed that these businesses are insignificant as to extent; many of them separately employ more hands than are occupied for the whole trade of the country in refining. The census of 1911 showed that 197,000 employees are engaged in what may be described as the

Sugar Industries; this is notwithstanding the fact that a substantial decrease of consumption has taken place owing to the high prices which have been gradually established. In 1907 the estimated consumption per head of the population was 86.03, and in 1910 it had fallen to 82.43 pounds. There has been no increase in the quantity used per head in this country since we entered into the Convention, and the substantial decrease quoted above must account for a vast number of workpeople being thrown out of employment. While our industries have been suffering in this way an extraordinary development has taken place in the trade among the great nations of the Continent of Europe. Between 1902-3 and 1908-9 the following percentages of increase are exhibited by the statistics of sugar consumption :—Russia, 30; Austria Hungary, 35; Holland, 52; Germany, 65; France, 80; Belgium, 85.

The great additional burdens which were thus thrown on consumers in the United Kingdom led to a continual agitation in favour of abolishing the Convention, which it must always be remembered was the single Protectionist achievement of Mr. Chamberlain. On the 27th February, 1903, at its meeting in Birmingham, the National Liberal Federation resolved :—" That this Committee protests against the ratification of the Brussels Sugar Convention, which whilst depriving the United Kingdom of the advantages of cheap sugar, confers no substantial benefit upon the West Indies, places our fiscal arrangements under the control of foreign nations and constitutes a dangerous reversal of the trade policy of the country." On the 28th February, 1905, in the House of Commons an amendment to the King's Speech was moved by Mr. Hudson Kearley (now Lord Devonport) "praying that the Convention be denounced at the earliest possible moment."

This was supported by the whole Liberal Party, including Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Asquith and twenty-four other members of the Administrations of 1906-11. When however, the Liberals came into Power a different course was pressed upon them, chiefly it was understood, in the interests of France, which as a producer was then deriving some benefit under the new system. The result of these negotiations was that in December 1907, the Government undertook to maintain the Convention without

bringing the question before Parliament, provided that the penal clause was modified, which prevented importation from any country condemned by the contracting Powers. It was hoped that a new system might be set up under which the United Kingdom would receive sugar from wherever it was sent. Certain disabilities were however, placed on all imported from outside the sphere of the Convention and our experiences in 1911 show that the contracting countries restrict the quantities available for us by every means in their power, from Russia the limit of export westwards being fixed at 200,000 tons per annum. Seeing that a fundamental part of these arrangements was the renewal of the Convention for a fixed period of five years, instead of its being terminable, as heretofore, at any time by one year's notice, our position was greatly worsened by the arrangement of 1908 and the country has had to endure throughout 1909, 1910 and 1911 a period during which the prices were higher than at any time during the last ten years.

Serious results are also arising owing to the development of the Protectionist idea in other directions. Several syndicates have been formed to induce farmers to produce beet in sufficient quantity to support factories in the United Kingdom. In 1910 nearly 100,000 tons were produced and shipped to Holland for manufacture there. These efforts were all based on the high prices produced by the Convention, their promoters relying on the maintenance of that instrument. Urgent appeals were made to the Government to undertake not to levy an excise duty on sugar produced in this country corresponding with the Customs duty. It appears from a prospectus issued that some promise of assistance was given by the Treasury, and in the House of Lords Lord Denman stated that although the Government could not directly promise to levy no excise duty, yet that some equivalent allowance might be made out of the development funds. So far these promises have come to nothing, as they could only be carried into effect by such an abandonment of Free Trade principles as the House of Commons would be reluctant to sanction. The fact that such pressure has been brought to bear upon the Government, and that even some half promises were made have done much to stimulate the activity of Protectionists. It may be added

that little success has so far attended the efforts to grow beet on a large scale. The average produce in 1910 was only some 7½ tons per acre (instead of about 20 tons anticipated) and this small produce, added to the unsatisfactory results of the sales in Holland, have led to the abandonment of the enterprise in Essex and other parts of the Eastern Counties. The project is still however, alive for putting up a factory in Kent and one or two others in the Midlands. If these plans should be realised they will be types of new protective enterprises opened under the auspices of a Free Trade Government and it is difficult to see how advantages extended to them could be refused to corn, meat, butter, or other great British agricultural products.

Another example may be quoted of the progress of the ideas of Protection. The small class in this country who are interested in the West Indies, who reaped such a rich harvest as the result of the Royal Commission appointed in 1896, resolved in the year 1909 to endeavour to get a second Commission appointed to "investigate" the question further. Their appeals to the Government were again successful, and a Royal Commission was appointed, with Lord Balfour of Burleigh as Chairman, to report on trade relations between Canada and the West Indies. This Commission highly commended the Convention and the great advantages that it had conferred upon the West Indies, and recommended that a general scheme of Colonial preference should be adopted. The experience of the ten years during which the Convention has lasted may be summed up as a record of declining and unprofitable business, high prices of an indispensable article of food and an important raw material, causing continuous friction, complaints and agitation. We may well therefore, compare this epoch with the sixty years during which the principles of Free Trade were applied to the same article.

In 1840 before beet supplies became large, the price of soft sugar in London was 7½d. to 9½d. per lb., and of lumps 10d. to 1s. per lb. The consumption per head of population was then about 15 lbs. per annum and no great gap, either in price or in the quantity used, separated Great Britain from France. In the following year this country adopted Free Trade, gradually also accepting its necessary complements of free imports and untaxed food. None of

the sugar Powers altered their system of prohibitive tariffs, protected industries and high prices. But they had the arts of production and manufacture and thus they and this country started upon the race of friendly competition, the result of which may surely be taken as a fair illustration of the advantages which Free Trade is calculated to confer. By 1870 in Great Britain the price had fallen to 4d. for soft sugar and 5d. for lumps, and the average annual consumption per head had risen to 60 lbs. In Germany which had become the greatest producer, the annual consumption in that year was 14 lbs. per head, rather less than it had been in Great Britain in 1840. By 1900 prices here had fallen to 1¾d. and 2d. and the quantity used had risen to the enormous total of 90 lbs. per head of the population, against only 29 lbs. in France, Germany, Belgium and Holland, where prices were three times as high. Such was the contrast which this country presented as regarded the development of consumption, the range of prices and the growth of industries with the great sugar producing countries of the Continent during the 60 years of Free Trade. In 1903 we entered again on the era of protection, when, as has been shown, our experience in every one of these particulars has been reversed.

One other effect of the Brussels Convention remains to be considered. In the arguments which were urged for many years against the Bounty System, it was maintained that its effect was to restrict production, and that if the system were abolished, trade would be restored to its natural course and the world production of this necessary food would be greatly increased. The following table of official figures has now been issued, which shows that this anticipation, like others formed with regard to any beneficial results arising, has been disappointed. These figures show the world's production of sugar in millions of tons during the last three periods of seven years, corrected to allow for the Spanish-American War.

WORLD'S SUGAR PRODUCTION.

Date.	Cane in M. Tons.	Inc. over previous period.	Beet in M. Tons.	Inc. over previous period.
1890-96	25·6		34·2	
1897-1903	38·4	50%	45·2	32%
1904-1910	46·5	20%	52·0	15%

This table reveals the remarkable circumstance that since the abolition of the Bounties, the rate of growth in production has fallen considerably, and that whilst the rate has dropped in the case of cane by 53%, it has fallen in the case of beet by 50%. This is after all, what might reasonably be expected. The figures we have given show that prices have nearly doubled and it was inevitable that such a change in values should check consumption.

It only remains now for us to return to those meetings at Brussels which commenced in the autumn of 1911, and were adjourned first to December and then until the 29th January, 1912. The sittings which then commenced terminated on the 13th February in a further postponement until the 26th, without the delegates being able to arrive at any conclusion. Our Government has issued in a white paper an account of these prolonged discussions which is extraordinary reading. Day after day appears to have been spent in mean higgling, chiefly on the part of Germany, as to the excess quantity which Russia might be allowed to export both in the present and future years. The aim all through was obviously to restrain production in order that prices might be kept up. Some consciousness appeared gradually to dawn on the British representatives of the ridiculous position they were occupying, as we read that "Mr. Fountain returned to his duties at the Board of Trade on the 6th inst., and I followed him to London two days later." No meeting took place on the 26th February, and then it was suddenly announced that a hurried sitting had been held on Sunday the 17th March, at which agreement was arrived at and a new protocol signed for continuing the Convention for five years. At an early stage of these proceedings however, the British representative had stated that "His Majesty's Government had undertaken by declaration in Parliament not to commit themselves in any case to remain members of the Sugar Union after the 1st September, 1913, and to keep a free hand until the House of Commons had had an opportunity of reviewing the result of the present meeting." In accordance with this declaration our Government has so far refused to sign this protocol and it is hard to see how they can possibly do so.

On the 21st November last Sir Edward Grey said in the House of Commons that "unless Russia be permitted to

export at least 500,000 tons of sugar westwards during the current season, His Majesty's Government will give notice of their intention to cease being a party to the Convention and to the additional Act of 1908 beyond 1913, the earliest date on which we can withdraw." So far as can be ascertained the arrangement actually arrived at is that Russia should be allowed to export 150,000 tons extra making 350,000 tons altogether this year and some trifling quantity during the five years for which the Convention has been renewed. Our conditions therefore have not been fulfilled. There is a growing feeling of hostility to the whole proceedings of the Convention and practically every Liberal is pledged to vote for complete withdrawal. Under all these circumstances then, we may confidently hope that within a short time we will return to our allegiance to Free Trade and escape from the pernicious effects of this latest experiment in Protection.

The Futurist "Devil-among-the-Tailors"

By Walter Sickert

Let it be granted that to be a member of the Royal Academy does not in itself confer talent. Let it further be granted that to be a member of the New English Art Club does not in itself confer talent. Nor, further, can the impartial seeker after truth deny that talent is not conferred by affiliation to Mr. Fry, or by membership of the Kentish-town, or even the Somers-town group. Lest the writer be accused of Xenophilism, let him add these further postulates. To be a member of the French Impressionists did not in itself confer talent. To call oneself a Post-impressionist does not in itself confer talent, and, lastly, to be an avowed and militant Futurist is in itself no guarantee of pictorial ability.

It is curious how inexactly the Press will occasionally mirror the public opinion of the town. The *Morning Post* was lucky in the possession of one of the most amusing, readable and learned art-critics in the person of Mr. Robert Ross. Right or wrong in his opinions, his articles carried the organ of the gentry into numberless intellectual homes to whom fashionable intelligence is as naught. In the exercise of his duty it seems that Mr. Ross prepared an article on the Futurist Exhibition. I am told that this could not be published on the plea that the Futurist Exhibition was in itself an immorality, and must not be chronicled! I was, therefore, rather surprised to find the tiny galleries in Sackville Street packed with an orderly crowd, consisting mostly of the mothers of England, who were circulating slowly, and verifying, with reverence, the statements in the descriptive catalogue by the pictures on the walls. Here and there, a grandfather of distinguished appearance was pointing out to a delicious grand-daughter

the obvious beauties of the pictures, and the sound reasoning of the accompanying tracts.

One thing the Futurist movement certainly is not, and that is, immoral. Austere, bracing, patriotic, nationalist, positive, anti-archaistic, anti-sentimental, anti-feminist, what Prudhon calls anti-pornocratic, the movement is one from which we in England have a good deal to learn. This is not to say that we are to accept the manifestoes in their literal entirety. We must remember that language in Italy is a far more florid and coloured thing than with us. Sir Claude Phillips is perhaps the only writer of *coloratura* we have left. Have we not been told that when it was necessary to have the Coronation "written up," it had to be done by an Italian writer, in Italian, and then translated into English?

The idea at the root of the Futurist movement is health itself. It aims at creating a "contagion of courage." It would teach us that a healthy intellectual life, a healthy political life, is based on active concern with the present and the future, and not on hypnotism by the past. In order that a salutary truth may penetrate the shell of inertia and habit in which humanity will ever lap itself, the most monstrous exaggerations may do good service. Fulminations that are easy to ridicule and confute, may, by the spirit they arouse and the atmosphere they create, serve as effective engines of beneficent force.

The Futurist movement is essentially a movement of Italian patriotism, and centres round the work, the person, and the ideas of F. T. Marinetti, the author of "Mafarka il Futurista," "Distruzione," "La Ville Charnelle," and "La Conquête des Etoiles." The prelude of the movement may be found in the columns of the Paris *Figaro*, and its continuation in Marinetti's five years' editorship of the international review *Poesia*. Among the Futurist poets are G. P. Lucini, Paolo Buzzi, Cavacchioli, Palazzeschi, Govoni, De Maria, Armando Mazza, Folgore, Libero Altomare, and Mario Betuda. And now the beauty-sleep of Sir Philip Burne-Jones has been disturbed for the third time by the sudden explosion in Sackville Street, next door to Whistler's tailor, of this strange artistic camorra, like the firework that is described in Messrs. Brock's catalogue as "The-Devil among-the-Tailors."

THE FUTURIST

The Futurist movement confesses to a literary origin; and the alliance of the pen with the brush has its dangers for both. No amount of explanatory doctrine and militant defence will make a bad draughtsman into a good one. Painting that requires literary explanation stands self-condemned. Here we have the condemnation of Matisse and Picasso, and even of most of Cézanne's canvases.

And on the same principle do some of the Futurists justify themselves in some of their pictures. I should myself, if I had a collection, like to possess the "Travelling Impressions" of Severini, or Boccioni's "The Street enters the House." His large canvas, "The Rising City," is workmanlike and lucid, and owes these qualities to an intelligent study of the past. Besnard and Constantin Meunier have had a part in it. His "Police Raid," again is a vivid essay in lurid drama.

Simultaneous representations of successive impressions were not invented by the Futurists. You may find, by many a primitive painter, the birth, marriage and death of a person represented on the same canvas. I remember seeing in Brussels, twenty years ago, a well-known picture in the Wiertz Gallery that recounts the impressions received by the brain of a man in the act of being guillotined. These impressions are recorded as belonging to the first, second and third seconds after the severing of the head from the body. Whether the three impressions are united on one canvas, or not, I cannot remember. In Turner's later pictures simultaneous visions are painted of ice-cold passages juxtaposed to hot ones in a manner that is frankly impossible and unnatural. But they remain works of great beauty and interest, in spite of their fantastic nature. The Futurists may claim the same freedom as we allow the old masters. Indeed, the word "allow" is ridiculous. The human race, in its ingenuity and curiosity, will rush through any porch where it seems to perceive light, whether we call the road forbidden wickedness or not. There are caves in art that lead somewhere, and others that are bottoms of sacks.

Cul-de-sac, I think, is the whole research represented by Boccioni's "Leave-taking," "Those that Go Away," "Those who Remain Behind," because the results cannot be lucid, and require endless explanations. Painting, like speaking,

is a form of expression, and a speaker who is incomprehensible cannot be said to be a speaker at all.

I was once standing with a Frenchman on the sea-front at Dieppe when we witnessed the meeting and parting of two early Edwardian grass-widows that we both knew. We also knew that it was the first time that they had met that season, and that they were fast friends. They passed each other hurriedly. The bells at the hotels had rung for luncheon. They nodded cordially, and their dialogue was compact, but, to me, quite lucid. "Going strong?" said one. "Full of beans," was the reply, and the incident closed. My friend asked me to translate. "Madame X," I said, "a dit 'ça va fortement?' Et Madame Y a répondu "remplie de haricots.'" "Mais qui? Comment? Quoi? Remplie de haricots?"

I gave my friend the necessary explanation, which the reader can imagine. That Mrs. X, having suppressed, as we wisely do in England, what Casanova calls "*les compliments d'usage*," had meant to convey that she was glad and surprised to see that Mrs. Y had arrived for the season. That she hoped Mrs. Y and family were well. That she hoped to see something of her. That she supposed she had been playing at the Casino. That she hoped, either that Mrs. Y had won, or at any rate, that she had not lost much. Mrs. Y, I further explained, by "full of beans" meant to convey that she and her family were quite well. That they were delighted to be in Dieppe again. That they were delighted to see Mrs. X again. That they were staying at the *Bains*. That she was in a hurry as the luncheon bell had just rung, and she had to change. That she had been, as Mrs. Y supposed, playing *petits chevaux*. That, though she had lost a few francs, she was playing on an infallible system, which she hadn't time to explain, by which the nine must inevitably come up sooner or later. That she supposed she would see Mrs. X at the Gymkhana on the links that afternoon.

Now I maintain that, as literature, both Mrs. X and Mrs. Y's utterances were successful, since they were perfectly lucid. Both knew that the experiments of Professor Dewar are as child's play compared to the pressure that can be brought to bear upon language. That language can quite well be solidified, from a state of vaporous

verbiage, into the solid instrument that is required to make their crowded and interesting lives as articulate as is needful. Each held the clue to the other's code, and I, lucky man, to that of both. If any of us three had needed a pamphlet to explain the conversation, we should have to consider the symbolism of these ladies to be a failure.

Both Severini and Boccioni, doctrine apart, are competent workmen. Severini's large canvas must be judged on another occasion, when it can be seen in a room from a distance at least three times its whole width from it. His "Travelling Impressions" is an amusing and ingenious compilation. Cruikshank did something of the same sort in his big temperance picture that was the delight of my schooldays when it hung in the Kensington Museum. All his work is competent. Carrà is simply a bad painter, who happens to be a Futurist, inefficient and pretentious. He can be affiliated in sentiment, but not in efficiency, to Gustave Moreau's obsolete bombast, and Odilon Redon's portentous emptinesses. Russolo, on the other hand, has something to say.

There are one or two maxims embedded in Signor Marinetti's twentieth-century commination service that are worth retaining. It was a seventeenth-century bishop who laid down the too-much forgotten truth that both wisdom and interest recommend "soft laws and strict execution." Are not the following versicles moderation itself?

"To lend an allegorical significance to an ordinary nude figure, deriving the meaning of the picture from the objects held by the model, or from those which are arranged about him, is to our mind the evidence of a traditional and academic mentality."

"We protest against the nude in painting, as nauseous and as tedious as adultery in literature."

It is always interesting to note any approach in thought of widely distant thinkers. Charles Keene once said to me, that one of the great faults in modern teaching was the incessant and dispiriting study of the nude. In an experience of teaching extending over some 20 years, I have become more and more convinced of the justice of this opinion. The nude is recommended, partly because it is, in theory,

stable, while drapery is obviously unstable. Excessive restriction to drawing from the nude does not sufficiently cultivate rapidity, perhaps the chief requisite in study from the life. A sleeve or a skirt must be drawn in thirty to, at most, fifty minutes, whereas a leg or an arm, may, in theory, be continued from rest to rest.

My grandfather, who was a painter, and one of the earliest original lithographers, used often to end his letters to my father, who was a painter and draughtsman on wood, with the advice, "Paint well and quickly," somewhat, I gather, to his son's irritation. But my grandfather was right. If you are to draw from nature at all it must be quickly, and exclusive study from the nude dulls a student's observation, not only for the reasons I have given, but also because the nude corresponds to nothing in our modern habits of life. With all his powers of draughtsmanship, when Ingres essayed, in *le bain Turc*, a composition consisting entirely of nude figures, the effect is trivial and a little absurd. So far from giving an impression of life, the picture suggests an effect like a dish of spaghetti or maccheroni. Ingenuity has here strained excessive cerebration to the point of snapping, and learning becomes a form of folly.

It would be interesting to secure medical statistics on the average number of young women students a year whose health has been broken down by excessive hours of drawing from the nude, in the exhausted atmosphere of rooms heated to the temperature necessary for the model. "The figure" spells emancipation and smacks of professionalism to the young. Sixty per cent of these young martyrs to carbonic oxide would be learning more from still life or the antique; and the remaining forty per cent would in these days be on a surer road to become artists if they learnt to make studies on the scale of drawings by Longhi, Watteau and Hogarth, from figures in costume.

I have just been reading a pamphlet by Robert C. Witt entitled "The Nation and its Art Treasures" (Heinemann). The writer has been at pains to gather into a concentrated form a certain body of opinion with which, in the main, I find myself in acute disagreement. For this reason the summary that I give of it must be watched, to see that I am stating the writer's case fairly.

Mr. Witt advocates, it appears, the enrichment of "the higher life of a nation" (p. 25) by the purchase of old masters, for sums admitted, at their lowest, to be enormous, by means of "increased taxation to meet this expenditure" (p. 76). On p. 30 he writes that "Even modern democracy feels the need of some philosophical and religious basis." Why "even" I don't understand. Will Mr. Witt tell us what "philosophical and religious basis" is provided for the democracy by the contemplation in the National Gallery, say, of the rape of Ganymede? Such phrases are surely mere sentimental and journalistic *clichés*, and will not bear a moment's examination.

I must say I should like to see my friend Mr. Holmes explaining to an audience of mill-hands and miners in the North, the urgent need for a "million sterling" to be invested in "fifty works of art at an average of £20,000 each, or, to put the case at its worst, twenty at an average of £50,000 each." Mr. Witt suggests a "loan repayable over a period of years out of the proceeds of *such new taxation as might seem desirable* (the italics are mine) or out of the ordinary revenue of the State." This latter, I presume is already derived from taxation. Living, as we still are, under a male electorate, the danger to the rate-payers from such schemes are not, I suppose, at present, acute. But the fact that they are seriously put forward at all in print is astonishing. No wonder we poor æsthetes are supposed by business men to live in the clouds, remote from any echo of mundane realities.

Mr. Witt asks, "Would any Government dare to refuse an increased grant if notified by the Trustees (of the National Gallery) that, as representing the art-loving public, they felt themselves obliged to resign their trusteeship as the sole means of calling public attention to its inadequacy?" I imagine that any Government would survive the resignation of batches of trustees in succession without losing a bye-election, or even a vote, in consequence.

The real answer to all such pleading is that, with time and patience, sufficient masterpieces will continue to silt by accretion of bequests into the National Collections without costing the country a penny of purchase-money. The only urgent consideration is that due precautions be taken to keep rubbish out. Patriotism, social ambition, and vanity

combined will always create the wealthy and sensational donor; nor need we grudge America masterpieces of which she has more need than we have. The country is surfeited with old masters as it is. The modern market and modern taste in this country are putrefied with the dreary iteration of eighteenth century portraiture, with the dreary mezzotints after them on the walls of the rich, and the dreary colour reproductions of them on the walls of the poor. Let us emigrate them in batches, and be thankful that they will be able to renew their utility by breeding a sturdy race in the colonies.

On the subject of modern painting Mr. Witt takes the sentimental attitude that is becoming fashionable with orators and curators. It may be summed up in a phrase from a recent speech of Mr. Aitken's at Leeds, "Owing to changing habits, moneyed people were not buying pictures to the same extent as formerly, and therefore, *unless more were bought by public galleries* (the italics again are mine) *the position of artists would become a very difficult one.*" That is to say unless the public can be bullied by agitation and pleading into buying, collectively, what they don't want individually, at prices they will not give individually, these things will no longer be produced.

It would be interesting to hear from Mr. Witt and from the Contemporary Art Society exactly how, say, my portrait of Mr. George Moore and Mr. Gill's sculptures help to supply the need of the modern democracy for "some philosophical and religious basis." And why people, who wouldn't for worlds give house-room to either the one or the others, are deeply concerned that the democracy should be compelled to contemplate them?

Plays of the Month

"The Mind the Paint Girl"—"Milestones"

THERE are two plays to be seen this month, *The Mind the Paint Girl*, of Sir Arthur Pinero, which is a satire on our young men's musical comedy adoration, and *Milestones*, by Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Knoblauch, which is a picture play of dress and manners after the whimsical fashion of *Bunty* and quite as peacock and delightful.

Milestones is a new idea; perhaps the best thing a critic can say about it is to express astonishment that it has never been done before; for, like most ideas, it is obvious, just the kind of thing you or I would have done—had we given ourselves the trouble to conceive it; and, besides, it is a whole, rounded and polished, like a French play or a soufflet.

Here at the regenerated Royalty, now rapidly becoming the most chic and distinguished playhouse in London, we have a splendid refutation of the Puritan's cry that the stage is not a pulpit. *Milestones* is indeed a sermon. It acts like a kinema. Going out we say to one another, "How true!" "So like Grandpa!" "Dad all over!" having seen ourselves, our families and our homes pictorialised in very pleasant manner, and we feel somewhat chastened too, for it is not by any means mere picture effect, being almost homiletic in its presentation of our frail humanities and of the great truth of life which is the splendour and sempiternity of youth.

Three generations on the stage—three generations to see it. I found the audience almost as interesting to watch as the play. Old boys who have kept their Victorian side-hair sit in the stalls, enjoying the old dresses and furniture, and side by side are prominent politicians, ladies of quality and the beauty of youth, reminding one of some old-time

Christmas party, each one chuckling over the others' idiosyncrasies.

First, the home of 1860, taut and wooden as the old ships, and glorious youth breaking away from domestic shackles and conventions, foreseeing that the future of ships is iron, with the commotion caused in the family circle and the firm by such "brainless" rebellion; then we are in the year 1885, ironclads having superseded our "wooden walls," and the boy, who was once a revolutionary, now baroneted and prosperous, saying the same peremptory and conservative things to the new genius, who sees the future of ships in steel, as his father said to him a generation before about iron. And there is love, to show us how the ladies of the 'sixties took the vapours, and of the 'eighties pre-Raphaelitism, and of to-day their liberties—three generations of Roses, the mid-Victorian Rose, the patient Rose, the window-smashing Rose, and three generations of English gentlemen, whiskered, moustached and clean-shaven, the whirligig of life all dressed and undressed before us in the space of two reminiscent and congenial hours. Of course, people are going to see it in crowds. Most admirable, too, is the acting of Mr. Dennis Eadie. Here is an evening of charm and *boniment* which may be recommended, like Kismet.

Miss Marie Löhr as "The Mind-the-Paint Girl" is not perhaps quite in the picture, nor has Sir Arthur Pinero quite let himself go in his satire on our Yum-Yum business, but here again we have a sermon and a presentation which, if it is a little "stagey" in the Pinero technique sense, is none the less a satire, as the larrikin booing by the votaries of musical comedy on the first sight showed pleasingly enough. This satire has long been needed. We have waited for it anxiously; as a whole it stings adequately, if not crushingly.

The *personæ* are naturally the *gratissimæ* types of the trade. The "girl" and her friends, the young Lord who wants to marry her, the "straight" colonel who has wasted his life caring for her, and all the others, the whisky-and-soda young man and the chorus ladies, who are more particular about the men they marry than the girls in our drawing-rooms. All are wastrels, fatuous, well-groomed and hearty. It is the milieu of vulgarity and the "glad eye." The "girl" signs picture post-cards half the morning and is the rage of titled and suburban London, the only

one with any character, summing up a man's parts as readily as she sums up the possibilities of a new song: who has smiled, cajoled and advertised her way up to the tip-top of the profession.

There is a good deal to be said for her—she is fearless, she has *du chien*, in the chocolate-box sense. The picture papers live on her, and finally when the lord offers her his seat and cars and name she puts in a moral demurrer, which, of course, settles it. Mr. Dion Boucicault is delightfully characteristic in this piece, and in the *scene à faire* with the straight colonel Miss Marie Löhr has moments of temperamental tragic display. Here Lord Charles from the stalls can see himself to the life. Dolly, who "is simply dying" to go on the stage, can test exactly the sort of thing that awaits her there. The inanity, vulgarity, commonness of the circle are all portrayed accurately and trenchantly. And these people are the little gods of the town. That is Sir Arthur's lesson. It might be far more trenchant, but then possibly the actors would have struck for a minimum of satire, like the miners. For what we have received let us be truly thankful. When the "girl" tells her mother that "old thingumajig" is losing all his best stage girls, that wise matron consoles her with quite a Voltairian curtain line: "Never mind, dearie, think what you're all doing for the aristocracy!" We censorious "Old Charlies" must not forget that.

S. O.

Books of the Month

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

SOME REMINISCENCES. By JOSEPH CONRAD. Nash. 5*s.* net.

These reminiscences will not be of much use to chroniclers. Mr. Conrad does not classify his life into so many dates, titles and recreations, like an entry in a book of reference. In these chapters he has attempted, he says, to set down "the feelings and sensations connected with the writing of his first book and with his first contact with the sea;" and he has produced a work of art, a study of a personality as fascinating in some ways as one of his own romances. There are pictures of Mr. Conrad's home in Poland, of ancestral campaigners with Napoleon, of a decisive conversation with his tutor on the Furca Pass, of London docks and London lodgings. Some reviewers, we notice, have said that the book has no construction, simply because it plunges at once *in medias res*. Homer, one remembers, did that; and this work is an Odyssey of the manuscript of "Almayer's Folly." A particular interest attaches to Mr. Conrad's preface, in which he defends his work against the charge of impersonsality, *sécheresse du cœur*, and incidentally gives the best definition we know of vulgarity in literature; that sort of vulgarity which consists in exaggerating an emotion for fear the reader should under-value it. Another critical question suggested by a reading of this book is that of autobiography in the novel, about which much nonsense is commonly talked; but only the artist knows the truth, knows how his own emotions give life to imaginary characters and incidents—"out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh."

We are very grateful for this book to Mr. Conrad, whose spirit searches the sea for the words that have power over beauty.

ENGLISH FAIRY POETRY: FROM THE ORIGINS TO THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. London: Frowde. 4*s.* net.

ROBERT HERRICK: Contribution à l'étude de la poésie lyrique en Angleterre au dix-septième siècle. Paris: Félix Alcan. 12*fr.*

By FLORIS DELATTRE, Docteur ès lettres, Professeur au Lycée Charlemagne.

The study and appreciation of English literature is greatly indebted to French scholarship. Feuillerat's study of John Lyly is already a classic, and his edition of Sidney has just been published by the Cambridge University Press. It is a great pleasure to be able to call attention to the two books of M. Floris Delattre, and to recognise that they are worthy to rank for lucidity and thorough-

ness with the work of Feuillerat or with Legouis' critical studies of Wordsworth and Chaucer. The Essay on English Fairy Poetry is admirably written in clear expressive English (not schoolmasters' English). The belief in all manner of Elves, Fays and Fairies, as it found expression in poetical literature, is traced from its beginnings in Celtic and Teutonic superstition and mediaeval romance (wherein Oberon first appears as son of Julius Caesar and Morgan le Fay) to its culmination in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Shakespeare's poetry made for a moment a living blend of romantic and oral tradition. But with the Seventeenth Century began a long decadence, the ingenious embroidering of a dead mythology of which Drayton's "Nimphidia" is typical, and Herrick's curious daintiness the only pleasing pattern. M. Delattre gives in an appendix a facsimile reprint of a rare pamphlet of 1635 containing among other fairy ballads an early version of Herrick's "Oberon's Feast."

M. Delattre's work on Herrick will, we believe, at once take its place as the leading authority on our great parson-poet. "Always an artist in words and in images that delight the senses," to quote a modern critic, "inspired on the one hand by Horace, Martial, and Anacreon, on the other by the Euphuistic love of 'things that are curious and unfamiliar,'" Herrick should be peculiarly sympathetic to the artistic intelligence of modern France.

Certainly M. Delattre's work exceeds in scope and surpasses in completeness of research and in critical sympathy Mr. F. W. Moorman's recent monograph. In appendices at the end of the volume will be found an excellent bibliography, notes on Herrick's prosody and on musical settings of some of his songs, and a not very brilliant poem of his, from a manuscript in the Bodleian library, hitherto unpublished.

We have no space here to examine M. Delattre's work as it deserves. As an example of his study of "sources" we may mention his proof, conclusive we think, that whatever Herrick took from Anacreon, Theocritus or the Greek Anthology he found in Latin translations such as those of Estienne.

We have noticed in the volume only one error; commenting on the epigram on Tom Blinks, M. Delattre says "qu'on ne manque pas de remarquer le mot nouveau forgé par Herrick: *Pimpleides*, formé de *pimple* et de *Pleiades*, et le genre de plaisanterie . . ." etc. But the joke, such as it is, is not quite so poor as that. Of course *Pimpleades* is an appellation of the Muses known to the Latin poets, and derived as far as we remember from a mountain (or a river !) in Macedon.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN RICKMAN. By ORLO WILLIAMS. Constable. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

Mr. Williams is to be warmly congratulated on the effectiveness and good workmanship of his first book. He is also to be congratulated on the rare good fortune of his "find." It is really curious we should have had no big book before about John Rickman; we have had so many about

people of far less interest, direct or indirect, and he belonged to a set which has been so carefully and thoroughly studied. Charles Lamb had praised him enthusiastically in a well-known letter; he was clearly on terms of familiar companionship with Lamb, and of such real intimacy that that sensitive soul could appeal to his friendship during Mary Lamb's affliction; the two Georges, Dyer the unique and Barnett the disastrous, appealed to his humour and irritability; Coleridge he knew well, and Southey was his constant correspondent for thirty years or so. Yet none of the indefatigable students had unearthed him to any purpose, and before Mr. Williams no set composition, save an obituary notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, written by his son and afterwards reprinted, had been devoted to his memory. And Mr. Williams tells us there was no difficulty in discovering this correspondence, running (with the editor's by no means too lengthy elucidation) to three hundred pages, most of it fairly interesting, and some of it, from its subject matter, extremely so. It is very strange and very lucky for Mr. Williams. At the same time it is honest to say that, save for mention of Lamb and Dyer and the rest, the world would not have lost very much if the strange omission had not been repaired. Mr. Williams is candour itself for a biographer, but naturally he makes the most of Rickman, and I cannot help thinking he exaggerates his merits. He was an efficient, punctual and useful public servant, but in himself he was uninteresting and unsympathetic, an example of the capable commonplace, dogmatic, censorious, with no fineness of perception, and little power of affection in him. He was fit enough to be the friend of Southey, but I will not allow for a moment that he deserved the accident of knowing Charles Lamb. Lamb was a good judge of his fellow-creatures, but I feel sure his own geniality and responsiveness made him read into Rickman more than was there. Rickman's letter on Lamb's death is brutishly unfeeling. In fine, I do not like Rickman. I allow him some humour, however: his comments on a delicious letter of George Dyer's are roughly appreciative. I am not sure that this letter is not the gem of the book: George, quite unable to manage himself and famous for putting *protegés* on his friends, recommends for a job a man whem he does not know, "but my laundress is his laundress." There is one of the best of all Lamb's own letters, but it is not new. Southey's are interesting, especially one about Shelley when the poet was expelled from Oxford. And so are Rickman's own, even when only political: he was close to the centre, and his prejudices and violence are pleasant. But I hope Mr. Williams's next book will concern a more agreeable personality.

G. S. S.

My Idealled John Bullesses. By Yoshio Markino. Constable. 6*s*. net.

This entirely delightful volume appeared originally in the "English Review," so that it is not for us to praise it. Mr. Markino has added some excellent coloured pictures. Those who appreciate quaint and penetrating observation and a charming English unspoilt by

grammar, appositely and artistically illustrated, will find this book suited to both adult and youth, and even to the nursery, these thumb-nail sketches being as popular with children as they are with the grown-ups. It establishes our Japanese friend as a humorist and philosopher who strikes a new and personal note warm with love and humanity.

THE FAIRY FAITH IN CELTIC COUNTRIES. By W. G. EVANS WENTZ. Henry Frowde. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

There was a double need for such a book as this. In the first place the ravages of the disease frequently spoken of as civilisation have so eaten away the clean flesh of native awe and intimacy with power that some sketch was necessary, before the memory of greatness was gone, in order that after years might know exactly what was the shape of man in his days of strength and loveliness. In the second place, in a day when communication has made the world so small, it was well that those who have corresponded with the mystic presences of earth should be strengthened by coming into touch with others of like faith.

The "Sidhe" in Ireland, the "Fairies" in Scotland, the "Little People" in the Isle of Man, the "Tyborgh Tag" in Wales, the "Piskies" in Cornwall, and the "Fées" and "Corrigans" of Brittany, are beings acquaintance with whom is too firmly embedded in human existence to suffer much denial. It is impossible to read Mr. Wentz's setting out of instance after instance, identical in nature and detail in countries far part, and not be assured of the real existence and strange power of these Nature-beings.

One of the most curious results of this part of Mr. Wentz's work is one that he himself did not seem to have seen. As he passes from account to account he passes from Ireland, the furthest remove from civilisation, to Brittany, where, in the southern portions, civilisation is most nearly approached. And, as he passes so, a change comes over the nature of the faith. In Ireland the Sidhe are a race apart; an older, more lovely, certainly more majestic and powerful, race than the human race. They lose this somewhat in Scotland; they lose this much in the Isle of Man, in Cornwall and in Wales; but in South Brittany the "Corrigans" become almost identified with the human race; they appear virtually as "revenants." It is a curious attestation of the authenticity of such Nature-beings; but it is particularly fascinating to see the change working itself out in the book. It leads Mr. Wentz to the still more fascinating question of the ancestry of these beings. There is no part of his book more interesting than this; and it is noteworthy that here he discards the more categorical method, gaining considerably in intimacy. The whole of mythology, on the one hand, and the speculation of Fechner, on the other, are illuminated by his facts. We think he has most unwisely not drawn on early Greek mythology, that would have given

him much that he would have found useful. But it is easy to quarrel with a book. The just and fair thing to say about this book is that it is fascinating to read, it is important to read, and it was a very necessary thing to have done.

FICTION

LITTLE BROTHER By GILBERT CANNAN. Heinemann. 6s.

This is one of those books which are more curious than beautiful, but, by the arresting quality of the matter, and occasionally flashing sentences, it triumphs over a clumsiness of construction so obvious, that it seems it must be wilfully contrived. It is as though the author said, in effect, "Here is my company of ideas, I present them without any allurements of dress or greasepaint. Such as they are, let them stand or fall by themselves." And they stand, for here is that rare thing, the novel of thought. The "Little Brother" of the enigmatic title has a twofold meaning. He is the younger son, whose autobiographical narrative the staid elder re-writes and bowdlerises; and that second self—the John o' Dreams, which, however stifled, makes part of every man. In the prefatory chapter Mordaunt Lawrie deposits with Mr. Cannan this MS., written by the younger brother, Stephen Gillespie Lawrie, and Mr. Cannan professes to launch it on the world, screening with his own name the bashful Mordaunt. Truly, it is a wise book that knows its own father. It is all the more credit to Mr. Cannan's lucidity that the strange wilful character of Stephen emerges surely-cut in spite of this doubly-oblique form of narration. We see Stephen as he saw himself, clear-eyed and weary, as his brother saw him, as Mr. Cannan saw him, as Mary, Mordaunt's wife, saw him, and through it all we see what Mordaunt calls the "Stephen-daimōn," the little brother of the soul, struggling in each person. When we arrive at Mr. Wherry, the cruellest portrait in the book, we find one of those insistently successful men who have deliberately slain the "little brother"—so often in the way with his awkward idealism. At first, before he realizes the horror of "Wherryism," which he afterwards scathingly presents, Stephen is swept off his feet by the brazen achievment of the man, and tries very hard to fall in love with the daughter. "This is surely she!" cries the lying voice within Stephen, and though he knew it lied, he kissed her and tried to feel the orthodox emotions. He also kissed Miss Laxton, a proceeding which leads to the profoundly true piece of philosophy, "One kiss leads to another, though not always with the same person." With neither of these painfully cultured damsels does he find salvation, but with Alisar Holt, who is one of those glorifications of frailty which the modern sentiment creates. It ends with a last little chapter over Mr. Cannan's signature, which in its obscurity and luminous gleams, is an epitome of the whole book.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

He Who Passed. Anonymous. Heinemann. 6*s*.

We get interested in this novel right away so that we read it at a stretch, and when it is done we suddenly realise that we have read more than a document of life, something that has the quality of literature. It is not unlike Madame Willy's *Vagabonde*, not so intense, so revelatory, so passionate, not written so well, yet conceived in much the same fashion, being the confession of a little girl cast into the vortex of low theatrical life and of what she makes of it. Plainly it is the work of a woman, but whether it is a "confession" or not is immaterial. The book is very well worth reading, for it obviously reflects a true condition of things, pictures a life with all its ups and downs at times with an almost masterly gift of presentation which makes it far more interesting and real than the recent novels of some of our great writers engrossed with the art and trade of fiction. The author has something personal to say; that is its main quality. She is never bitter, coarse, or indelicate, and yet she manages to reflect the coarse and brutal side of *cabotin* life with a power of omission and suggestiveness which are admirable. No doubt there is an artificial side to the book—all that about the man she is "waiting for." That may or may not be. It does not detract from the merits of a work which stands out very fresh and stimulating in the welter of our modern output as perhaps *the* book in the market to be read.

Charity. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Duckworth. 6*s*.

Serious judges of literature have long spotted Mr. Cunninghame Graham as a stylist and one of the very best writers in the English language. In *Charity* we have another volume of his picturesque sketches, studies and impressionist stories which any man with the smallest pretension to taste should read. In his way, the author stands alone. He has invented a new manner—that of telling stories by word painting. His crash and subtlety of language are splendid. He has a mind as free and bold as an Arab, or one of those horses he depicts so wonderfully, scenting the breeze on the pampas. He is the Goya of letters with all the colour, rhythm, rush and spate of expression of the Spanish painter, drawing bulls and horses, women and strange types with much the same inimitable bravura and precision. And with that a blend of Anglo-Saxon tenderness and sentiment, which leads him to write of "fallen" women, as most people in England write about flowers. Who else could have drawn Aunt Eleanor as he has? Or, in a few pages, written those lines "Set Free"—on a dead horse lying in the park; or that story—"A Meeting"—depicting the joy of two horses who meet in the solitude of a Paraná forest clearing. Every story is alive and palpitating. They are quite, but absolutely quite, the best literary things in modern English, and one can read them over and over again. In this book there is a touch of sadness too, sadness for regenerating Spain. With the loss of the Spains, Spain has begun to change

and Mr. Graham notes it, as in "Immortality," "An Hidalgo," "Aurora la Cujiñi." Mr. Cunninghame Graham thinks and sees as a painter, yet he is essentially a man of action. And this duality is his unique charm. There would seem no method, no literary art of selection. The words come like the words of a soldier, yet they are strangely right and beautiful both in composition and description. That is the blend of the artist-fighter. A very rare one too. In his way, for Mr. Graham is not a psychologist, he is our Maupassant, and if we had a true Academy of letters he would be one of the very first to be elected.

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE EVIDENCE. By OLIVER ONIONS. Martin Secker. 6*s*.

Very rarely is it possible to say of a novel that form and matter are perfectly fused. A certain looseness of technique is almost inseparable from the medium of fiction. In this book Mr. Onions carries his complete mastery of the short story into the creation of a work which, by reason of its length, must be classed with the novel. His method is intensive, and helped by the theme, a murderer's conception and achievement of his crime, Mr. Onions has contributed something new to English literature. The prose (save for an occasional awkwardness due to over-exactitude) is beautiful in colour and arrangement. The unity of the story never seems in danger of the least disturbance. There is passion and reality, accurate psychology and brilliant narration. We hope that Mr. Onions will give us more in this manner. All the faults of his long novels, the occasional extravagance and irrelevancy which marred their complete success, vanish utterly under this more intensive method. *In Accordance with the Evidence* is a great work. On similar lines Gorki has never written anything so good, and even Dostoiefsky's *Crime and Punishment* is only greater because it is more vast.

THE SHOE OF A HORSE. By CHRISTOPHER STONE. Chatto & Windus. 6*s*.

Because the scene of this novel is laid in Paria, of whose fight for independence it is a romantic history, we suppose people will insist on comparing it with Mr. Anthony Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda*, and, that being in a very real sense one of the greatest books of the last twenty years, we may as well say that Mr. Stone's admirably written book would support the comparison. Only *The Shoe of a Horse* does not fall into the large and boring category of second-rate Ruritanian Romance. Instead of some artificial dynastic squabble, Mr. Stone has taken the theme of a small nationality rising to expel a foreign government; so that we have all the natural excitement of a fight for independence, and a whole Garibaldian campaign, with all its blunders, jealousies and heroisms, just successful enough to escape the intervention of the Great Powers. Such characters as the Irish adventurer and chief leader of the rising, heroism veined with meanness; or the pretender, intensely bored with the whole business, are

particularly well studied. The narrator, Lord Mervyn, has a pretty turn of phrase and has read his Stevenson. Come then: "I took my revolver, my rifle, and hunting-knife, and followed our commander down a steep path . . ."

THE INDIAN LILY AND OTHER STORIES. By HERMANN SUDERMANN. Translated by LUDWIG LEWISOHN, M.A. Lane. 6*s*.

The good construction of these stories and the brilliant insight they show into some types of character are not sufficient to make them attractive; there is "not enough wit to keep them sweet." A comparison of *The Indian Lily* with Schnitzler's *Anatol* will give you the difference between Berlin and Vienna. A coarse representation of sensuality, which Sudermann gives, is a supererogation of immorality. Pleasure may be followed from flower to flower with the delicacy and elegance of Anatol; but Sudermann's libertine is more like a snail than a butterfly. "J'ai cru voir," as Cyrano says, "glisser sur une fleur une longue limace."

The thickness of Sudermann's sentiment is not less unpleasant in one of these stories ("Merry Folk"), which has all the orthodox morality of a Christmas card. It should in fairness be added that this volume of tales is less popular in Germany than his other works; and that Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn, M.A., has translated them into a language of his own, which is not English.

A CHANGE OF SEX. By CHARLES KINROSS. Long. 6*s*.

If in different trains on their ways to different parts of the country, a rather heavy young man and a furbelowed little flirt who has just refused to marry him, by the unwitting utterance of a master-word change places, his soul, self, or personality into her body (not to mention petticoats) and *vice versa*—the situation might evidently be treated in various ways. Mr. Kinross makes it very lightly and pleasantly amusing, and the conclusion is beneficial to both parties. We foresee for the couple a happy married life in which Etty will no longer fish for admiration nor George for fish.

THE GOLIGHTLYS: FATHER AND SON. By LAURENCE NORTH. Secker. 6*s*.

Very brilliant is Mr. North's new novel: cut steel and diamonds flash from its pages. Each character is drawn with strength of line, and whatever coldness may handicap the book's success with the general public, this will delight the epicure as Roman punch delights him in the middle of a rich and steaming banquet. Will Mr. North one day give us a study of ancient manners? He should know how to enchant us with a rare fantasy of Latin splendours. Maybe the suggestion is impertinent, and yet with what anticipation should we open such a romance by a scholar of wit and imagination.

COMMONERS' RIGHTS. By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY. Chatto and Windus. 6*s*.

A really interesting novel, full of admirable dialogue. Mrs. Armfield does not reproduce the landscape and architecture of the Cotswolds so well as we could wish. She is always more at ease with individuals than communities. This weakness spoils the artistic excellence of *Commoners' Rights*, which depends for its absolute success upon Mrs. Armfield's ability to present the little city state of Great Chippingdun as a vital entity. However, it is certainly a novel to be noted and has merits of quite extraordinary charm. There are also some very fine drawings of the Cotswold country by Mr. Maxwell Armfield.

INNOCENCE IN THE WILDERNESS. By THEODOSIA LLOYD. Chatto and Windus. 6*s*.

There is much that is good in this first novel—a real sense of scene and a power of developing character. The continuous shifting of the centre of interest is amateurish, and as a constructive whole the book is a failure. However, an agreeable freedom from over-statement and self-consciousness, together with a real discrimination in the author's treatment of the clash of youth and age, makes us look forward to riper work. Moreover, it is pleasant to see young people coming to their own again with the new generation of novelists: the middle-aged sentimentalist has dominated the stage too long.

THE PRISON WITHOUT A WALL. By RALPH STRAUS. Heinemann. 6*s*.

This is certainly Mr. Straus' best book. His earlier novels showed more facility, possibly better construction, but they lacked depth. It is pleasant and surprising to contemplate after sparkling shallows a deep pool. If Mr. Straus could have drawn all his subsidiary characters with the sympathy and graciousness that he brings to the treatment of Sylvanus de Bohun, we should have had a profoundly moving book. Indeed, *The Prison Without a Wall*, as it stands, must move any reader. We fancy Mr. Straus inherited some of that fatal facility from his earlier work, and was content to take too little trouble with his lesser people. This is a pity, because Sylvanus' tragedy would have been a great tragedy if the author had been able to impress the outside world upon his readers as vividly as he etches quietly the cool grey shadows in which the soul of his hero moves.

THE LABYRINTH OF LIFE. By S. A. U. VALENTINE. Dent. 6*s*.

This is a curiously unconvincing book, beginning with an amusing enough little series of portraits, and ending in melodrama that shirks its own conclusions. The title strikes an unfortunately pompous, not to say pretentious, note, which is hardly relieved by the sub-divisions of "The Quest" and "The Test." As the book progresses the sense of unreality grows. These are not people who really live, they are names with occasionally a well-known type tacked on to them to assist the reader in visualising. The hero, himself an

author, marries the grand-daughter of a notorious poisoner, and "The Test" deals with the question of heredity. The book is written with a certain distinction of style, a reticence and polish of phrase, that are refreshing, but the manner is far ahead of the matter.

PHILOSOPHY

CATHOLICISM AND THE MODERN MIND. By MALCOLM QUIN. Edward Arnold. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

This singular and original book will interest all who watch the course of modern philosophical and religious thought. The author, who is certainly master of an incisive and eloquent style, stands apparently alone in the conflicting currents of theological inquiry; and, from within the camp of three very different phases of belief, he offers his conclusions, first to His Holiness Pope Pius X, then to heretical Modernists within the Churches, finally to Agnostics whose faith is that of demonstrable Science. He is himself amply entitled to address all three antagonistic parties. He tells His Holiness that for thirty years he has been a devoted teacher "of the religious system of Auguste Comte"—indeed it is understood that he is still a salaried lecturer of one of the Positivist bodies. He now finds himself, "not by a mere literary artifice, but with unfeigned veneration and homage, submitting to the august Head of the Catholic Church." But having so "submitted," Mr. Quin appeals to the Holy Father to recognise that "the principle of the modern mind is the principle of progress," and this principle is further described as "the developed conscience and reason of a mature Humanity." Again he says, "The Catholic Church, in its integrity, must be our starting-point in the progressive religious unification of Humanity."

After this, one fears that Mr. Quin is right when he says that perhaps he cannot be formally a member of the Catholic body, though in spirit he is in communion with it. One is curious to know what Pius X. and the Roman *Curia* have to say to such a convert. No one who reads the impassioned and apostolic language of his book can doubt the sincerity, courage and devout ardour of Mr. Quin. Like another Athanasius he stands up against all Churches and Schools, and offers an *Eirenicon* to bring together Catholics, Neo-Christians, and Agnostics to unite in a common Humanity. At times he seems to be preaching like a Jesuit Father; then he gives us what might be a sermon by Richard Meynell, and a sermon not at all less eloquent and suggestive. And again, he seems to rest firmly on the positivism of Auguste Comte, which as a philosophical basis he holds as strongly as ever.

This *Review* is not the place to discuss either the logic or the truth of Mr. Quin's argument. But the general reader, who tries to follow the ever shifting phases of modern religion may find much

to make him think, and not a little to welcome. Mr. Quin's triune creed is startling and interesting. He may be described as a Papal—Modernist—Positivist. He calls himself a "Papist" and glories in the name; he is at once ultra Catholic and essentially humanitarian. He opens with no less than seven mottoes—one from the Psalms in the Vulgate, one from St. Paul, one from Pascal, one from Wordsworth, one from Tennyson, one from Auguste Comte, and the last from Pope Pius X. They all tend to the same end, the religious unity of Humanity—the unity which was to be realised according to Auguste Comte in the ideal of Humanity. But according to Pope Pius X., and Mr. Quin, it can only be realised in Christ. Jesus Christ and the Catholic Church, ideally considered, are one and the same thing.

Quite apart from anything like theology, Mr. Quin's book is good reading from its refreshing audacity, the marvellous combination of Catholic dogmatism with humanitarian idealism, and also by virtue of a native literary vigour. The energy with which this Positivist of thirty years' standing denounces Atheism, his enthusiasm for "a conscious and scrutinising Humanity," his trust that the task of Catholicism is to "reconcile itself with the modern mind," what he calls "the true Modernism," that is, the acceptance of systematic Science as "a positive basis of reality and utility."—all this may be enjoyed in Mr. Quin's lucid and eloquent pages by Catholics, by Modernists, and by Agnostics, whether or not they can see any possibility of the great fusion he proclaims being realised. Pope's Great First Cause was equally adored by "Saint, by Savage, and by Sage." And this new version of "the true Modernism" appeals at once to Rome, to the Neo-Christian, and to the man of science.

The chapters on the Human Future, on Progress and Liberty, on Faith and the Supernatural, on Miracles, on the Scriptures, on the Church, on the Papacy—"the greatest of all human institutions"—on "the synthetic mind of a mature Humanity," are all original and suggestive. This submissive son of Rome warns Pope Leo X. never "to regard himself as a Temporal Power"; "temporal independence" is all that he needs, and that he now has. One who studies this singular pronouncement as a whole, whether from the point of view of a devout Catholic or of a scientific Agnostic, may come to the conclusion that it is the most drastic—certainly the most intelligible—and perhaps the most rational form of that "Modernism," the task of which is to show how current Christianity can be brought into line with modern thought.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

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